

E 605

.H71

Copy 1



Class E 625

Book H.7.1

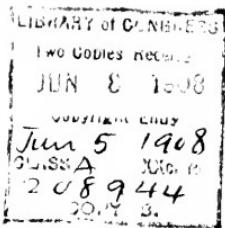
Copyright No. _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

THE STORY OF SIXTY YEARS

204
By Ino

Birmingham, Jefferson County, Alabama
May 8, 1902



The Story of Sixty Years.

The stream of Life flows grandly on,
A casket's on it's bosom borne;
And ere it's mental life hath flown,
'Twill weave a tale strange and forlorn.

In the flowery month of May on the 8th day, 1842 a tiny bark of life was successfully launched.

The travail of that truly christian mother must have been mitigated by the fact that it was a son; the effect on the paternal side I have forgotten, if told. This infant was very precocious, and at about two years of age it followed it's eldest sister to the spring, and in attempting to cross a foot-log on the branch, clinging on to the skirt of her dress, in the rear, it made a misstep and fell into the water, her screams brought an old negress to the rescue, who leaped into the stream, and grasping the drowning child, held it at arms length above the surface as she sunk beneath its liquid depths, their combined screams brought several lusty, stalwart negroes worging near by, who soon rescued them from a watery grave. (This child commences treasuring in its young and pure heart a warm affection for the negro race.) During about the third year of it's young life the same sister took it to Sabbath school with her, leaving it on the outside with the other children and their nurses, while she was rehearsing her Sabbath school lessons; in all probability became miffed at some slight occurrence and started for home alone. As the primeval forests in this beautiful valley were almost in their pristine loveliness; as the red man had only six years previously left his native haunts and journeyed to the far west; and the ax of the pioneer had only felled small patches of timber here and there; the child missed its way, and taking a well beaten road where timbers for building purposes and rails for fencing were hauled after being selected out of the trackless forests, wandered into their wild depths near 10 o'clock a. m. The Sabbath school being over, the sister missing her little brother and being told by the nurses that he had gone home, hastened there to find he had not returned. The aged grand-father summoned the whole

household, servants and visitors; and after dispatching some to the village, about a half a mile distant, and some to the neighbors near by, all to report as soon as possible any tidings of the lost child. The community was soon aroused; the child was indeed lost. The grief and anguish of the mother was deep and poignant; anxiety pervaded the breasts of all. Men were mounted in hot haste and dispatched in every direction, blowing bugles and horns, women and youths in small parties were scouring the surrounding country and examining streams, for as yet there were no wells in the country, for the limpid, sparkling springs and cool, clear rippling streams furnished an abundance of water for all purposes. The excitement increases; the few animals that run at large of the sparsely settled community and the game of every description, startled by the unnatural din, stampede in every direction, many never to meet their loved companions, relatives and playmates again; the hunt continues, the din increases, as the sombre hues of the forest shades tell of the approach of night. Darkness soon settles gloomily over all. Listen! A stout, young yet matured son of Ham, mounted on the lost child's grand-father's Kentucky saddle horse, thinks he hears the faint bleating or sobbing of some young animal in the dense, dark forest ahead, he makes for the hapless mite; as he gradually nears it, he hears the distinct intonations of a distressed child's voice as it now wearily and sobbingly lisps: "Oh, grand-ma- Oh, Grand-ma- ! Oh, grand-ma!!! " The noble horse raises his head as he approaches the singular sound, and abruptly halting surveys the strange scene; with the exception of the weary lamentations of the heart-broken child, a deathlike stillness prevails for a breathless moment; the bold rescuer leans forward as his keen dark eyes flashes past the arched neck of the motionless animal, and dimly desries a herd of dry cattle with heads inverted standing in a circle around a small, dark, mentally suffering object, prone on a large fallen trunk of a tree with its chubby cheeks resting on the soft dimpled hands of its upturned, kimbowed arms, and sobbing bitterly. Some blackberry vines kindly surrounded the small open spot on the log where the little wearied sufferer lay, covering the intervening space between the small opening and his seemingly vigilant protectors, quietly chewing their cud, and tacitly saying touch him if you dare! While just beyond was a dark bluff more than a hundred and fifty feet high, at the base of which runs a large creek, whose waters are many feet deep. The leave taking of its little playmates; the wanderings of those little blistered feet; the emotions and hopes that must have swelled the breast of that lost child;

my pen fails to indite. The rescuer pressed his heels into the flanks of the horse, which dashed forward, scattering the cattle, parting the briars and on alongside of the log and startled child; gently and kindly picking the child up and placing it on the horse, turning his head toward home rode rapidly through the open forest until he reached the open road, yelling that the child was found, which was caught up and successfully proclaimed, until most of the hunters returned during the night; many not returning until late the next day. The horse flew rapidly along the newly made road and soon delivered the lost child into its mother's arms, whose tears of grief and sorrow were soon turned to those of heart-felt gratitude and joy. The invalid mother, elder sister and grand parents so early in life taught the child to read, write and cipher that it has no recollection of the occurrence; but it does distinctly recollect how it had to remain in doors and study assiduously to learn its lessons and recite them regularly for many years; playing at intervals with it's other brothers and sisters, (it being the fourth, or middle child of seven that finally attained maturity), its little neighbor playmates that occasionally came to visit them and also the servant children of the family; severely paying the penalty at times when it would get into quarrels, or difficulties with its little playmates, or in any way violate its mother's rules or commands; who, indeed, was a righteous instructor, prudent and kind mother.

One bright, balmy Sabbath afternoon when many friends had gathered at the hospitable new home to enjoy each others' society and while away the lovely spring hours, as there was much poultry about the place and it was customary for the children about the rural Southern homes to gather the eggs that were so profusely scattered around the house, out houses, barns, etc., the little fellow discovered an old goose, on its nest and taking a seat near by beneath the dense shade of a beautiful cedar tree, thought to watch the goose, so when she quit the nest, he could first get the egg, and have the honor of carrying it to his grand-mother, he fell asleep. (While asleep his father, who had watched the little child, when the goose had quit the nest took out the egg and carefully covered the place where the egg lay, as the goose is very careful to cover up it's eggs and conceal them from view) When the little fellow awoke and found the goose gone, he carefully examined the nest and no egg was to be found, he proceeded to the parlor where all were gathered and chatting jovially together. When the child's father asked him what he had done with the goose egg, he straightened himself up and throwing his little discomfitted head to one side answered

very quickly and audibly to that elite assembly: "Shucks! That old goose just set flat on her d——d old a——e and never laid a sign of an egg; she was just making pretense like." The explosion that followed was terrific and the little innocent, (who had likely heard such language used by some of the servants on the place) greatly wondered what such a remark had created. When he was ordered out of the room, quietly explained how he had violated the rules of etiquette, chastised and told never to repeat such language again, a lesson had been taught and ever afterwards he was more careful in his language and thought before he spoke. He did many little things unwittingly that were wrong, for which he was at times severely reprimanded; until when things were frequently misplaced, or any mischief was done, he was the accused; to which the children about the place would declare their innocence and his guilt; when he would have to pay the penalty; when in sheer defense and his punishment was too great, he would become morose and solitary in his habits, would wander off into the beautiful woods and watch for hours the domestic and wild animals, fowls, birds, reptiles and insects of all kinds common to his home, and it's surroundings, in their antics, diversions and manner of feeding and hunting and procuring their food for present use and also storing it away for future use; also, he would wander along the verdant banks of the streams in the spring and summertime, when the waters were not swollen and muddy, but clear, and when they rippled over the rocks or shoally places or fell down a cascade, forming deep holes below; watch the fish sporting and feeding in their native elements; and though a mere boy he would seek the society of those of mature years and spend his leisure time; especially along with the overseer, who seemed always glad to have his company and tried in many ways to shield him from punishment. Though he never liked farming, his constant company with the overseer and hands, soon caused him to be singled out as the farmer of the family; and to the field he was thenceforward encouraged to go, and to make the thing more positive, about that time a phrenologist came along and in examining the heads of the family and issuing each one a chart, pronounced him the farmer boy; to which the father always demurred and wanted to send him to the mercantile college; while the wealthiest farmer in the country, (and who had three shares in the college), and having no boys at that time to send; told the child's father to send him to college and he would not only foot the bills, but when he had advanced as far as he could there, he would send him to higher Universities until he had slaked his thirst for

knowledge in the best Universities of earth. Such were the conflicting views of those that seemed interested in the future welfare of the child; so soon to be blasted in the political upheavals of the nation. During his boyhood days his great uncle would take him into the mountains to drive the dry cattle to and from the range, during the spring, summer and fall seasons, where every two weeks or oftener they would go hunt them up, drive them to the nearest lick logs and salt them, and drive home any cows found with young calves for milking purposes, during their hunts for cattle they saw many beautiful deer, some frightened by their approach, and others quietly feeding, while others still, were gamboling and playing around in the utmost glee, cutting all kinds of fantastic capers and antics; also many wild turkeys, the finest of all birds. During the fall, large droves of wild pigeons, the fox, grey and an occasional black squirrel, which would chatter away and bark at them as they passed they were so gentle. Now and then they would discover wild bee trees; and watch them while they were busily engaged making honey to feed them through the following winter, or sliding off their horses at some grassy spot at some deep, transparent pool on some mountain stream at noon, eat their lunch and rest their jaded animals; then throwing the remaining crumbs into the pool, watch the gentle fish as they eagerly caught and swallowed them. As the great uncle was fleshy, quite old and eyesight greatly impaired, he seldom carried a gun but rode a gentle, sure-footed mule over the steep, sidling, intricate wild mountain paths and passes, holes and occasional bogs, and the child could not then well manage a gun and mule and carry the luncheon and salt pouch for salting the cattle, so the game of all kinds seemed to know them and would not shun them. During travels and hunts through the mountains; the old uncle would tell the child many stories and anecdotes of his past life that happened at his different homes among the Indians, and during his overland trip to Sante Fe, N. M., with the first expedition sent there by the United States government. About this time in life the overseer, who was quite fond of a nicely cleaned, salted, frosted and well baked o'possum (for it was customary to hunt them after the persimmons were ripe and sugary; the wild winter grapes had shriveled and sweetened; the winter huckleberry sugared; the little red sugar haw, the large red or apple haw, the long black haw which had a long seed which was very palatable; the large luscious papaw, a taste to be cultivated which when liked was very nourishing; the large luscious muscadine; and nuts of many various kinds; the hickory nut of several

varieties; the hazel nut; the beech nut; the chest-nut; the chinquapin; the post oak and white oak acorns; all of which were ripening and falling as the beautiful autumnal tints were appearing and betokening the ripening in the beautiful valley, and the joy that seemed to thrill all nature at the approach of the happy harvest time, and the birds, animals and fish of all kinds soon became fat, healthy and palatable,) and who had a very fine dog, which seemed to do the every bidding of his master; would take hunts at nights, accompanied by the boy and the dog, and seemed to be perfectly happy in their company; as the cool nights were approaching, and the cold nipping frosts crisped the leaves and blades of trees, bushes, shrubs, vines and grass, seered, tinted and deadened them; and fast approaching wintry blasts rudely detached and rattled them and their ripening edible, inviting fruits upon the ground and the insects, lizards and snakes of all kinds had retired to their wintry homes, so that there was no danger of coming in contact with their venomous stings, nippers and more dreaded fangs. Before they would leave for their night hunt after supper was over, they would build a good fire in the overseer's office and bank in the ashes a nice lot of sweet potatoes (that during the day the child would invariably provide in some unaccountable mysterious way, by filching them from the bank) which was invariably under lock and key, and the overseer would wink at and be very careful not to question him about, so that when anything might come up about any missing potatoes in future, he would not know how or where they were procured; so when they returned generally bringing back with them two or more fat 'possums, the first act would be to draw the well roasted, soft, sugary potatoes from the bank to cool, while the child would study his lessons for a while and the overseer would regale himself with the pipe, get his song book and sing one or more religious songs. The boy and adult occupying the opposite sides of the fireplace and the intelligent black and tan, heavy built part cur and part hound occupied the open middle space in front of the fire, reclining at full length upon his side on the bare floor, his pedal extremities thrust toward the heat as if resting from the fatigue of the hunt; when an occasional twich of his toes and jaws, the contraction of its lateral, corporal, and its nasal, eyelid and facial moustache at intervals, and then suddenly and violently all at once, strongly indicated it was dreaming of its many hunts, the varieties of game it had encountered, and final struggle for the mastery, either with or without the aid of it's master, it's bristles all standing out, 'twould leap to its feet, utter a sudden growl, open its eyes,

awake, survey the surrounding home-like scene in the bright dazzling light of the resinous, glowing heat of the pine knots, look first at the child, then at the master and then at the cooling potatoes, wag its tail, having attracted its comrades, quietly await the result, when invariably the potatoes were rapidly picked up, peeled and some of the slightly smoking, partly cooled, palatable pulp of those luscious sweet Spanish or yam potatoes, were cheerfully divided and given as they were eaten to the faithful dog, as they chatted about their hunt, the events of the past day upon the farm or planned for the future; when they would read several chapters in the Bible, comment on them in their natural simplicity, kneel, pray and retire to rest on a neat soft feather bed and pillows, supplied with plenty of clean sheets, blankets and quilts, and seemingly more brotherly than real brothers, and the faithful dog went to his pallet to take his watch and rest for the balance of the night.

Early in the morning at 4 o'clock when the overseer arose, the little fellow would awake refreshed and invigorated by a sound, peaceful, healthful, dreamless sleep, and after making a fire the overseer awoke the servants; some, the females, to prepare breakfast and the males to assist in feeding the animals and prepare wood and kindling for the following night, and the many other little chores about the farm preparatory to work on the plantation during the day. The little fellow would accompany the overseer down through the fine apple orchard, generally the trees were laden with ripe, mellow apples, and continually ripening apples at that season, also the bell-pears and fall peaches, of which they would invariably eat their fill, on their way to unlock the crib to feed the stock of all kind as well as poultry, eating the ripe mellow apples before breakfast must have been very healthful, as they were generally healthy at that season of the year, when many families seemed to be suffering from fevers and chills during that season of the year.

About once a week they would go to the clear, still, deep mill pond and go in bathing taking several dives and swims, generally Saturday afternoons, and preparatory to their Sabbath morning preparations for Sabbath school and church, which they attended regularly and seemed to enjoy; as well as the entire community, white and black, at that season. They would generally get rivalries among the hands to see who could pick the most cotton for a cash wager, generally offered them by the proprietors, who seemed to be as deeply interested as their servants, and allow them to have a nice supper and dance, and all seemed to pass off so nicely, one never seeing any drunkenness, quarreling or fighting; and

then when well up with their work, or after a rain or during a light drizzling rainy spell, they would go a netting, catch several coveys of partridges, turn a pair loose from each drove netted to restock the farm and woods for the coming year, by which means the game was kept plentiful; or hie off to the hills and mountains with the guns and dogs of the community and all of the young boys large enough of both colors, and young men, to participate in the chase; and while those who were old enough and had experience, and occasionally a new beginner, were placed on stands by an experienced hunter; another experienced hunter would take the boys and placing them on the horses, with all the dogs following, and horns swinging from their shoulders, make a grand detour and with as formidable a line as they could make, so as to cover and arouse all the game as they moved abreast through the forests, thickets and jungles. Soon the noise and din made by the drivers by blowing their horns, encouraging their dogs, soon aroused the startled, trembling game, which passing through the stands, many fell, or are wounded by the unerring fire of the standers, when the wounded are pursued unerringly by their blood and the trained hounds and dogs and are soon dispatched. When in great glee they all gather to return to their happy homes to enjoy the nice fresh meat, for some would be venison, turkey and squirrels, and an occasional wild hog. Usually before parting when there were several hunters or families represented; the meat of the various kinds, would be divided as equally as possible into piles and each representative of a family would turn their backs and one of the party would place a hand on one of the piles of meat and call out: "Who will take this pile?" The first one to call 1, received it, and so on with all the piles, until the last pile, which fell to the last unsupplied representative; and all seemingly satisfied would gather their meat, put it in provided sacks, which were generally put on the mules which the boys rode, and all chatting about the drive and hunts and telling anecdotes and jokes on each other, of former times and hunts, move rapidly in the direction of homes. About this time in his boyhood days one afternoon the hogs came through the orchard into the yard, and the rapidly growing boy proceeded to run them out, pursuing a large hog down the path, through the high weeds into the orchard, running at his best speed and calling the dogs, seeing a nice round stone the size of a dried walnut in the path; to stop suddenly, he threw his feet forward and open, and grabbed the stone with his right hand; a fine young cur dog of good size, coming at full speed along the path in his rear, ran under the boy and tossing him high into the air, the boy fell

and caught on his left hand, breaking his wrist, and dislocating some of the small bones, from which he never recovered in more than six months, and greatly impaired his general health.

The following summer the young men of the neighborhood went into the mountains to a nice sulphur spring to hunt and recreate. They took the boy along with them thinking it would help him, for he could remain around camps, and it was supposed that camp life and fresh game to eat occasionally would restore him to his usual health. On their way to their rendezvous at the spring, the dogs bayed quite a drove of wild hogs; he was traveling in the wagon that carried the tenting, sleeping and cooking outfit; leaping out of the wagon he approached the hunters and dogs to see the fun, when the whole drove of hogs made a break through the hunters and came in his direction, there was no escape but to climb the trunk of a large pine that had partly fallen and lodged in the strong fork of another tree; the frightened boy climbed the fallen tree and the hogs took refuge under it, brayed by the dogs, and surrounded again by the hunters; in the excitement the boy slipped and fell off the slick pine bark of the tree right among the hogs; when the faithful, strong and courageous o'possum dog that happened to be along rushed to his rescue, almost simultaneously the hunters clubbing their guns, and the other dogs following, charged the hogs and drove them off, but not until the boy received the most dreadful hurt of his life. His wrist being rebroken and dislocated, the arm partly perishing away and never recovering its former strength and size, though about the right length, and not easily detected although really affecting that side of his body. As they were not very far from the spring, and there were several young doctors among the party, they proceeded there as rapidly as possible, set and bandaged his arm, bathed it for hours at a time in the cool spring branch just below the spring for about two weeks, when fever set in and he was carried home for better treatment, both as to nursing and medicine; for months he suffered before he was allowed to do anything or study; really letting nature take its course. The boy was now for the first time sent to school, about a quarter of a mile distant; as he had studied spelling, reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography and history and was as well advanced or better than many of his age, he had no trouble keeping up with the studies. At home it was his duties in the morning to keep off the calves, drive the cows to water and then to pasture; feed and attend to the chickens. The same after school in the evening, excepting having to drive the cows home from

the pasture, which generally occupied all his time from daylight to school time and from school out 'till night. With the exception of attending to the cows and poultry, on Saturday, without he had to do some gardening, he was allowed to hunt and fish some, which was the only diversion or recreation he received. He was forced to go regularly to both Sabbath school, church and prayer meeting on the Sabbath and to read moral books, or study his Sabbath school lessons. Morality became natural, he shunned every vice or evil that presented itself, using his influence among his playmates. He was taught to treasure his spare moments by work or studying some good history or biographical work, encouraged to read the Christian Advocate and Southern Cultivator and Harper's Story Books and Magazines. He was paid for attending to the cattle and chickens and he took the money and paid for his own tuition; thereby helping his kind father, who had received great financial reverses, and had quite a large expensive family, and when vacation came he went to the field of choice to help make a living and assist the family all in his power. His father became agent of a plank road with a good salary; his sisters and brothers that were old enough were sent regularly to school. His invalid mother, (who was not able to keep house without the assistance of the older girls who were kept at school) moved to her father's with the small children, where they could have both of their grand parents, the father and mother, to have their only living child properly cared for and waited on and govern the smaller grand children during the absence of their father while acting agent. The father of the boy was then transferred or secured an agency at the head or terminus of the first railroad being built into that section of the country, and to give perfect satisfaction, as he retained the position for years; during which time the boy grew rapidly, while he attended school, gardened, looked after the farm, and during vacation, worked regularly on the farm, taking the overseer's place; to the great delight of the servants, for as he worked with them, and was with them so much, being encouraged to lay hold and really experience the toil, tediousness, burden, or pain of each undertaking; so that the servants learned to love him, whether they loved their task or not, and glad at all times to see him approaching or be with them during their work, ever greeting each other with a smile; at night by the fire light in their cabins he would teach them how to read, write and cipher and discuss various subjects and never disagreeing or becoming miffed; the males often kneeling for prayer and retiring while he was in their rooms, for the males roomed to themselves, that were single, and the girls

to themselves and the married couples to themselves, keeping the infants and small children and infants with the parents, so they could look after them and give them any attention if of the mornings or evenings he would work a while in his they needed it. The grand father being very old, in the cool garden, which was highly fertilized and spaded down to the depth of ten or more inches, and as he couldn't stoop easily would call the little children and show them how to plant or sow the seed in the drills he had made, or set out young plants, would make them sow the seed and set out the plants for him. He was truly a patriarch that all seemed to reverence and love, near and far, for great piety, probity and honesty, also profound knowledge and erudition. He was positive and humane, and all, white and black, were willing to refer any troubles or disputes to him, and all sought him for advice, invariably satisfied with his decisions. He was a minister and senator and was as great a power there, even excelling. Under the influence of such a grand parent, the boy or lad at this time, gained solid information as he was always encouraged to read good, standard works, of which the grandfather had a fine collection, and nothin obscene or fictitious were allowed on the premises, as calculated to waste time and mislead.

Chesterfield was studied as a guide to etiquette, and no lady visitor, young or old, either approaching or leaving the premises were allowed to pass out or in through the gate to the threshold, when the lad was about the house; but that he must see them through the gate and on to the threshold, and even so far as to their threshold if not otherwise accompanied or provided with an escort on leaving. Thus he mixed and commingled with all classes, even with the servants, and the influence exerted on him, and he on them, was of the most refining nature. Politics ran high in those days and when a distinguished Presidential candidate visited his state, a free ride was given over the railroad to the city where he was to speak. The lad and one of his classmates went accompanied by his grandfather's carriage driver and waiting boy. It was the first time the lad had ever been so far from home or ridden on a railroad. So when he and his comrade had returned, and who by the bye had stopped all night with him. Avery shrewd mechanic who was working for his father, the next morning at the breakfast table (which was crowded with attendants, especially several of their young lady companions), spoke very audibly and asked if they had really heard what really took place after the speaking; when many had gathered around the distinguished speaker to be introduced, they were in the crowd also; and after the introduc-

tions, they being slighted, the lad stepped up to the distinguished candidate, grasped the distinguished candidate's hand, saying: "Mr. President, have you seen anything of Joe?" "What Joe?" "Grandpa's Joe." "No sir, I haven't seen anything of him." "Well, I thought he would lose me; look, Mr. President, if the world's as big this way and that way as it is from here home, it's a h——l of a big world isn't it?" "I presume so, sir." The lad's face flushed deeply as he became the butt of all eyes; but was soon relieved by his joke on the lad's comrade which followed like a flash. The comrade, who just before he had taken the trip, had been told by his preceptor, (as he had grossly violated some of the rules of the school) that he could take a whipping or leave school; as the comrade did not want to be expelled and go off to school some where else and give up all his old associates that were so dear to him, he submitted to the castigation. So the comrade stepped forward and also grasped the candidate's hand and asked: "Mr. President, is it right for one free man to whip another?" Hesitating a moment, he answered very emphatically, "No sir." "Well, my professor has been giving me h——l any way," which was so ridiculous that the lad by this time discovering it was a joke, joined the rest in enjoying so good jokes, so deftly perpetrated on him and his companion; while the comrade who had at the first joke joined with the rest at the discomfiture of the lad, in turn had his beaming face suffused with blushes to the merriment of all. One day while at work with the hands on the farm the lad (as he was always taught business before pleasure) heard an unearthly screaming in the direction of the mill (where the boys and girls of the community were having a picnic) calling to the young negro men to follow, with all speed they hastened to the scene, and arrived just in time to finish getting some young ladies and men out of the water where the boat had been turned over in near fifteen feet of water, after passing over the mill dam; which was ever after alluded to as "that dam scrape." The section of country in which he lived during the spring and summer was visited by storms. On one occasion when the lowlands were greatly inundated news reached the lad that his father in leaping from the train in motion as it was gradually slowing for him to jump off: (as the embankment was very slippery and muddy) had fallen and dislocated his shoulder joint; had been moved into a neighbor's house near by, and about three and one half miles distant across a large creek, then out of its banks and rapidly rising. The rain was falling in torrents; saddling his horse under the shed, donning his rubber suit, and bidding all good-bye, he mounted and hastened to the physicians. The physician ob-

jected to turning out on such a night, as not an object could be discerned except during the flashes of the lightening, he pleaded that his father was advanced in years, if the joint was not reset before it was too badly swollen, it would in all probability never be set and then if done, might endanger his life, that he would lead the way. They started; when they arrived at the bridge across the large creek it was out of its banks; passing through water saddle skirts deep, the road being graded through the bottoms and ditches being on either side swimming, it was very hazardous, nothing daunted, he pushed forward only thinking of the suffering parent, and securing in time the services of the kind, experienced surgeon; he advanced cautiously step by step as the rain seemed to fall in torrents, the doctor on his horse following, the vivid lightning incessantly playing and the continuous roar of the deafening thunderbolts, as they scattered leaves, limbs and fragments of the trunks of giants of the forest around them; the quivering, cringing terror of the affrighted animals they rode, the passing over prostrate trunks of trees across the road, occasionally running against their upturned roots, made it a scene truly appaling to the stoutst hearts. Finally they reached the house with a bright glowing fire inside and all trying to wait on and relieve in any way they knew how the suffering, badly bruised old man; on examining their watch they had just been three hours and a half making the trip from the doctor's. Laying aside their rubbers, after giving orders to heat water to the boiling stages. The surgeon pulled off his boots, got up on the bed, had the water as hot as the old man could bear it poured copiously upon the now fast swelling joint, until the flesh commenced flabbing, placing his foot between the arms and body and taking the extended arm by the wrist and hand, pushing the heel of the foot up under the arm and pulling it as steadily and as hard as was necessary, the oshumerous or larger bone of the arm was reset in th humeral cavity, then dressing it, and bandaging it, and leaving directions how to attend to the patient until his return, the surgeon turning to the youth, (whom he extolled to the suffering parent and kind family as having the stoutest heart and firmest resolve of any one he had met, with his youth and physique; and that he could never have made the trip without his aid and presence) told him that the family would take good care of his father, which all quietly acquiesed in, assuring the now almost heart-broken youth (at the thought of leaving his father when he was the only relative near to administer to his every want) that he should be properly and kindly cared for and to accompany the doctor back; as the storm was still raging without, and was one of the severest that had ever visited that section as the doctor had stated that it was imperative for

him to return to look after some very important cases, the youth, whose soft cheeks were now copiously bathed in tears, kissed his father good-bye and shook hands as a parting adieu with each member of the family; donned his rubbers again, mounted his horse that had been drying and resting under the shed during their stay turned the head of his horse toward home, gave it the reins, when it seemingly groped its way through the blinding flashes and intervening impenetrable darkness over prostrate trunks, into swimming holes and splashing, gurgling waters, until they finally by the aid of their intelligent horses, discovered by the light of the oft repeating lightning, they had arrived at the floating end of the bridge, alighting on its end which sunk a few inches into the water and holding on to his horse's bridle rein, encouraged him to mount it; the horse sprang upon the bridge; when the combined weight sunk the end of the bridge almost into its accustomed bed, when the doctor's animal easily moved onto the bridge; and they passed safely across; when they passed over the last mile of their journey without encountering many more such difficulties and dangers; arriving about 3 o'clock a. m. In after years the doctor and youth often referred to this night as the most appaling and thrilling trip of their lives, which was strengthening, hardening, toughening and preparing this youth's life for untold achievements in the future.

The wealthiest man of the county, who was a particular friend of the youth's father, now told him to send the boy to college, that he would foot the bill. The youth was provided with a fine horse and rode every day from his grand-father's, a distance of five miles. School hours were from 7 o'clock a. m. until half past 9 o'clock a. m., then half an hour recess; then fro 10 o'clock a. m. until 12 o'clock m., then noon until half past 1 o'clock, from then until recess at 3:30 o'clock until 4 o'clock p. m., then books again until 6 o'clock p. m.. So most of his time was occupied attending school and riding two and from college in the early morning and late evening; riding most of the time in a gallop or otherwise rapidly, which was healthful exercise. The youth was then tolerably well advanced, studying Davie's academic arithmetic, algebra, geometry, chemistry, latin, Greek and spelling, reading, writing and grammar in more advanced series, composition and declination. Once at public gathering of the patrons, when all of the exercises were over except a trial in orthography. One of his college mates and the youth were selected to lead in the spelling trial, first one and then the other chos their fellow mates, until all were chosen or drawn. The contest commenced and continued

until all of the youth's company were silenced, when the professor asked him if he was satisfied; (as the captain and eight of the best spellers were standing on the other side). The youth remarked that he was badly beaten but was not conquered. The excitement ran high. The patrons, (excepting the wealthy one who was sending him to college) insisted on continuing the contest to the finish; they continued; the youth slowly silenced four of the opposition. The professor became wearied and suggested that it was growing late, the patrons still insisted on going on. The President stepped forward and relieved the professor by taking the dictionary and continued. Gradually the youth silenced all but the captain. When the President suggested it might be called a draw; when the wealthy patron who had been silent until now arose and stated: "I have more shares in the college and live at a greater distance than anyone here; he acknowledged at the proper time he was beaten; and you have thrust this thing upon the boy, and I equally admire his worthy competitor, let it be fought to a finish; and let the two now equal show their staying qualities." It was not long until the youth silenced his worthy competitor, amid the shouts of victory on his side; and the President stated they were the brightest and most studious and he felt the final test without accident, would fall to them.

Fanatics on either side of Mason and Dixon's line, led on by some real, but most generally fancied wrongs, or securities, had so muddled the political horizon, that the tocsin of war was soon sounded, when the most prosperous, wealthy (according to population) supposedly peaceful nation on earth was soon arrayed in deadly internecine strife that nothing could avert. Even the beautiful Goddess of Liberty sat with disheveled hair and disconcereted, melancholy mien, as she surveyed the terrible carnage; as columns after columns of her loyal, proud, valiant sons were hurled against each other and fell in mortal combat to rise no more. The first battle of Manasses or Bull's Run had just been fought. Two of the youth's cousins and playmates were missing after the battle and were reported as either captured or killed, both opposing armies called for reinforcements. The youth who had been drilling in a cavalry company now volunteered to go to the front; his father asked him if he had volunteered; he told him yes. "Why son, have you done so, knowing your father is opposed to the way that the war has been precipitated on the people. Why not wait and let those that have brought on the war go first; there will be plenty of time yet for you?" "Papa, they have killed or captured my two cousins and I am going to have revenge." The youth's father dropped his head

and uttered a disapproving sigh. His company was soon ordered to the front. The youth had just entered his nineteenth year; and on the 2nd of September they entered the then neutral state of Kentucky. After the neutrality had been violated by the Federal government by a force entering it from the North at Paducah; a citizen courier having brought a dispatch from Paducah to Union City, Tenn., where the Southern forces were encamped. It seems his company were ordered to take position at Columbus, Ky., where the infantry and artillery soon came forward and mounted some batteries just above the place, which commanded the river for many miles. The Mississippi at that point was 1200 yards wide and 160 feet deep; the narrowest and deepest place on the river from Cairo, the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio to its mouth near 1200 miles. Many times the Federal gunboats would come down, exchange a few shots and then return up the river. One day when the Confederates had about 1000 men on the opposite side of the river cutting down the timber, so, I suppose, the Federals could be more easily discovered; Gen. U. S. Grant came down on that side of the river and disembarking his troops he tried to surprise and capture them. Troops were thrown across the river from the Columbus side and Gen. Pillow soon routed them and run them on to their transports and it was called the battle of Belmont. A force being established at a place called Camp Beauregard on the Paducah branch of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, his command was stationed there until the Confederate forces evacuated Columbus and fell back to Union City, Tenn. where the youth for the first time saw Gen. Beauregard who was standing on the platform of the depot (seemingly just arrived) who inquired of his captain: "Have all the troops evacuated Columbus, Captain?" "Yes sir." "My name is Beauregard. Take your command and proceed back as rapidly as you can and if the enemy haven't occupied the place, take possession of it and notify me immediately, and I will forward troops to reinvest it. You have given up the Sebastopol of America." The general pronounced the word or name as if it was spelled and accented thus, Se-vas-to-p'l, which made such an impression on the youth that he never forgot it and in after years he studied the Munson's system of Phonography when he discovered the general was correct. The little city and fort was not only occupied but they met scouts seven or eight miles south of Columbus in the direction they had retreated.

Gen. A. S. Johnson having massed all of his forces around Corinth, Miss., the youth's immediate command was posted on the Purdy and McAdamsville road on the extreme left.

The Federal and Confederate forces having had several sharp picket and scouting collisions; his adjutant when sending out the pickets one morning told them to be very careful and to be sure and put all of the gray or white horses when on picket in the rear so they could not be so easily detected in the dark, and then shook hands very cordially with each one, remarking very feelingly and impressively: "Some of you I never expect to shake hands with any more." As they rode out to relieve the other pickets, there was much dissatisfaction manifested at the white horse shield or protection. When it came time for the youth's relief to go on guard; his was the only white horse, no one offered to go to the front; the youth took in the situation, as two pickets stood at each post some one would have to go with him. He rode to the front remarking: "the federal who captured him or his horse would do more than any had done yet. (It was the hour of 8 o'clock P. M. and the night was dark and clear, towards the latter part of March). A tall Mississippian rode up by his side and said, "I'll stand by you and see you through; we'll make it hot for whoever gets us." The commands had all been on double duty, and nature gave way through sheer exhaustion, and the reserve fell asleep, officers and men. According to military rule, two hours on duty and four hours off; so the youth's relief was on until 3 o'clock A. M. During the 7 hours, parties approached the youth and his comrade between 11 and 12 o'clock on their right; the youth detected them first; halted and fired on them first, when they scampered off discomfitted. Then they were approached on their left hand; the youth detected them first again, halted and fired on them, running them off again; the second and third pickets were kept on the alert all the time, expecting every moment to be attacked; so when the relief finally came, and were told that the pickets had fired twice in the advance, they approached very cautiously; but as usual the youth had to satisfy them he, as well as they were all right, and told them to advance one at a time until all were rigidly examined; when he was relieved, he and his comrade were accused of having given a false alarm, and that they had fired at some stray dog or hog; so when light came, not having slept all night he told the guard that he would go with them to the front, and examine and see if he could find any signs of the enemy, where he had shot. The parties that approached from the right came within about 30 yards, and the tracks of three men were traced for a short distance, and a cartridge box was found on the ground loaded with cartridges; then they examined on the left, and in less than 10 feet tracks were found and followed a short distance, when they found a cartridge box, belt and knapsack, out of

which the youth got 15 cents in silver, a blouse, shirt, &c.; so he was not accused any longer. He and his comrade having heard bodies of troops moving in advance just before day, told the officer of the guard, who was a sargeant, to let him have one man and that he would move down the main road and see what he could find, calling to an old desk mate that was along with the guard and who was well mounted, to come and go with them. They proceeded about 200 yards, when they discovered that a body of horsemen, apparently amounting to a half regiment, had moved up a hollow, through the woods, and along over the soft surface to the right; they followed until they came in sight of two cavaliers, who detected them about the same time, when they exchanged shots, the Federals following in the wake of their main body and the three pickets returning to report as rapidly as possible, that they were crossing to the other road, that ran almost parallel with the main road, and intersected it about a mile in the rear. There were 22 pickets in all, and as fast as their animals could carry them they rode to reach and pass the intersection of the two roads before the Federal column's head could reach there. As they passed over the hill, across the fields to their left they could distinctly see the Federal column moving rapidly off to their left in the same direction. The pickets were going at full speed, when the head of the column of Federals struck the rear of the pickets, just where the roads intersected; there was a long mud hole, the collision unhorsed several pickets as well as Federals, muddying and disfiguring them so badly that several escaped during the jam. As the by-road came into the main road almost at right angles, which gave the pickets a good start, while the Federal column was recovering and reforming, as the retreat and flight of the pickets was now through an open country; the youth and his deskmate were the best mounted, and, reloading their double barrel guns would take their stands, and as the last of the fleeing pickets would pass them, they would deliver four shots of buck and ball at the head of the Federal column, which invariably checked them for a few moments, when they would wheel, drop their reins across their saddle pommels, when their horses, being trained to the race track, soon flew past their fleeing comrades, during which time they reloaded at full speed. By this means they covered the retreat for near two miles, when the youth's horse became crippled in left hind leg, when his desk mate remained by his side until two Federals better mounted than the others got within easy range; the youth had nearly gained the crest of a steep hill, when his deskmate presented his gun at the two Federals, who reined up their horses, and

fired both barrels of his gun. The youth held his fire; the Federals wavered and commenced reloading, as they turned the steep crest of the hill, his deskmate bid him good-bye, and flew down the hill to overtake the retreating pickets and reload his gun. The determined youth turned (being out of sight of his pursuers) his crippled horse to the right along the steep crest of the hill in some thick underbrush, and proceeded about 200 yards, dismounted, examined his gun and pistols, then his noble, unfortunate horse, that was now reeking with profuse perspiration, and resolved to die by him if necessary.

Being naive, moral and pure, you can readily see the danger of an enemy approaching under such circumstances, but Deity rules, and the entire Federal command passed, without him or his poor fagged, cripple horse being disturbed. As soon as he and his horse were rested, leading him by the halter he returned late into camp, after he was reported captured, dead or missing at roll call. Shortly after this the Confederate commander drew his lines closely around the Federal commander's front at a point known as Shiloh church (and it is supposed what the Battle of Shiloh took its name from); the night before the battle, he was placed on guard just at dark. The videttes or pickets were placed so as to be called chain pickets. In placing them that night he was placed either accidentally or intentionally out of the alignment, and closer to the enemy than his own troops, and all night long he could hear both lines halt their relief, but none ever came to him; about daylight the Confederate line of battle approached and relieved him, after being on picket between nine and ten hours. He was ordered to report back at camp, where he was sent under a Lieutenant to watch the enemy's right, and the Confederate left. There may have been many videttes ordered placed like he was. It was one of the most trying ordeals of his life, yet he never complained of his treatment. He also stated that he had often heard it stated and had seen it in print, that the Confederate general had no thought of fighting that battle when he did; and that it was an accident. He wishes to state emphatically that, while he does not recollect the exact words it was couched in, that a general order was read on Dress Parade, that the enemy had invaded our country; that he has penetrated far into the interior, treading upon our thresholds and very hearthstones, and he called upon all true Southern patriots to assist in driving them forever from our borders, and keep them out. The battle raged in all its fury from sunrise to near 2 o'clock; after that time, broadsides from the gunboats fired at intervals all the after-

noon and through the night; until the Battle of Pittsburg Landing commenced the next day. As this youth was sent as a courier the same day, he thinks he counted 64 pieces of artillery captured in the battle the day before, and especially did he notice two beautiful pieces mounted with silver plates, and had written on them the "Battle of Lexington." The youth believes that if the Confederate commander had have lived, he would have captured the entire Federal army. But Deity rules, and man has to submit to the mild mandates of the Prince of Peace. After this last mentioned battle his command was engaged in a regular cavalry fight and called the Battle of Blackland, in Northeast Mississippi. When the battle opened his general was riding in a beautiful carriage, and his horse being led by the carriage; he hastened out of the carriage, mounted his horse, ordered his troopers in line of battle, whipped the enemy from every point of their field, captured and burned their encampments. About this time, while the Confederate army was moving across North Alabama, and before his command was ordered away from North Mississippi, where the country was very dry and the dust near six inches in depth, and near a half mile wide close to Tupelo, two cavalry commands met each other, and both charged each other at the same time; they ran together, delivering only one volley, which seemed to be too high. The dust was so great that they could not distinguish each other, when they gradually drew out, retreating in the direction they had come; when the casualties seemed to be nothing. Another general then took command of the cavalry. When he moved their command of cavalry across North Mississippi to Holly Springs, pursuing a Federal command that had penetrated that far, on through LaGrange and on to Bolivar, where they had a small fight, capturing some prisoners. The youth got permission as the command passed through Holly Springs to get his horse shod. As he was going to overtake the command, he was passing a beautiful residence; standing on the steps were two young ladies arm in arm. One of the young ladies held up a large ripe peach, motioned for him to stop. She then sent the peach by a servant girl to him, and requested him to send his name; so he inquired of her the two young ladies' names and sent them word that when he returned, he would try and bring them some Yankee pets. The servant told him that one of the young ladies' names was Miss Fannie Cox, and that the other young lady was her cousin, who was visiting her, Miss Julia Clapp. Two or three days later he came back by there. Hailed! when the young ladies appeared, and he showed them the prisoners, or pets, as he

had styled them, and had promised to bring them, it amused them and the prisoners very much, as the youth related in his modest way the incident, and asked them if they would take charge of them. They told him they were not very well prepared to take charge of them; but complimented him on fulfilling his promise. A short while after this the youth's and many of his comrades' horses were unfit for service, their clothing worn out, and they were barefooted. When they were sent by home to remount themselves and obtain shoes and clothing; as they were walking along the hot, dry road with their feet badly swollen and their bare shoulders blistered, they were a pitiable sight indeed, yet not a word of discontent was uttered by any, but all seemed to vie with each other in pressing to the front, and valiantly battling for Caucasian property, liberty and independence, counting all but dross, if it could not be accomplished. The world was amazed at their valor, yet clandestinely colluded with the arch Chieftain whose rancorous heart knew no bounds, as in subtlety, he reached forth his octopus-like feelers to encompass and thwart every effort at Caucasian supremacy, ranting, Union! which was caught up and reiterated by each satellite, as they tried to force a hybrid or mongrel supremacy. As the youth approached manhood, and he was thrown among all kinds and classes of his own, and other races, his views became broadened and expanded, he carefully studied all classes, and whenever he could borrow a book whose contents were unknown to him, he read it carefully, and upon entering houses and examining their books, magazines and papers, he seldom missed being able to tell their religious, political and business proclivities. He soon learned to become liberal in his views, without sacrificing his moral training, which caused him to gather much practical as well as theoretical information. After being clothed, shod, remounted and rested a few days, his command moved northeasterly through North Alabama, entering North-west Georgia, then East Tennessee, and on into the neutral State of Kentucky, where several small battles were fought, the most important of which was Perryville; gathered all the beef cattle, breadstuffs, &c., they could and retreated out of the State. As his command had captured some Federal overcoats and it had turned quite cold, they donned the overcoats, which made them appear very much like a body of Federal cavalry; two leading roads converged and another cavalry general's command was moving on one of the roads; arrived at the junction first, and soon discovered a command of "blue coats" approaching, in a sheltered place formed a line of battle with the object of surprising

them. When the youth's command were in easy range, the concealed Confederates poured into them a very deadly volley, killing and wounding many, and but for the cool bravery of his colonel (who did not happen to be hit), with a great deal of presence of mind threw up his hands and hollered loudly to his men, who were preparing to return the fire, to hold their fire, that they were friends, and riding in front of those concealed, begged them not to fire any more, that his command were Confederates, and not Federals. When the firing ceased, as well as the destruction of human and horse life also ceased, another closer imbruing of his Caucasian brother's blood in his own hands. Another scar from the curse of African slavery, though not so deep. The grief and sorrow of those unfortunate parents, who lost their idols there, is just as great. When the youth was remounted the second time, he was presented with a very fine Colt's repeating rifle by his elder brother, 45-calibre, which would shoot a ball or slug. It was provided with two cylinders, of six chambers each, both of which cylinders being loaded, gave twelve shots in very rapid succession, making it a very deadly firearm, its range being very accurate and deadly for a quarter of a mile or more. He prized it very highly, and took particular pains with it, so that it was ever ready for use. Thousands of his fellow soldiers seeing it, tried to trade him out of it; offering him many times its value. A gentleman retreating from the State of Kentucky, and moving and camping with his family along with the Confederate army, offered the youth many times its value, and threatened him that if he would not sell it to him, he would steal it from him before he ever got beyond the confines of the State. So on the banks of the clear, rapid, beautiful Cumberland, he had a chill and was very sick; he lay down under a bluff on the left side of the road on the north bank, set the gun against the large rock at his head, and when his chill and fever left him, he fell asleep, and when he awoke, his fine gun was gone. He rode ahead until he caught up with his comrades and got permission from his Colonel to watch the commands as they passed, and see if he could find anything or hear anything of it; but has never heard of it to this day. The number of his gun he distinctly recollects, was 157. After the war, when relating the circumstances at his father's, his father informed him, that the vacant brick house that stood there was his great-grand-father's, and was the first one built west of the Cumberland mountains, by any of the original twelve families that were in the fort with Boone, he being the only one that never left the State; having six grown sons and about the same number of daughters,

also eight negro men and their families, all well armed. Boone and his companions having all returned to Old Buncombe County, N. C., excepting what were killed by the Indians. When they were reinforced by such numbers from the Old North State, that returning to the settlement on the Cumberland, soon pressed forward again to the Blue Grass and Buffalo. He and most of General Bragg's army passed through the Cumberland Gap, where, he was also told by his father, that his grand-father once lived, and kept a hotel, and also had a mill, owning 3,500 acres of land, which he sold for \$1.00 per acre and moved to Athens, Tenn., and was a playmate and school mate of the little orphan Sam Houston and his sister, who stayed most of their time at his father's, and who was so gifted and popular that he was made governor at the age of 26, and afterwards became the father of Texan independence. His command then passed over Walden's ridge, through the beautiful Sequatchie valley, then across the Cumberland mountains, into beautiful, pleasant, hospitable Middle Tennessee, and his General took position south of Nashville and north of Murfreesboro, keeping up a chain picket of near 50 miles length. Soon after this the youth was sent out on the main pike between Murfreesboro and Nashville, their reserve camp to the right in a grove, and there was a large white residence on the left or west side of the pike. His comrades asked him to ride over to the house and purchase them some milk and butter. Arriving in front of the house, he started to dismount (as the house set back some distance from the gate); there was a lady on the veranda who spoke to him, loudly and distinctly, and told him not to come in the house, that she was a Union lady, and that she did not want rebels to come in her house; that her husband was a Union man, but was dead, and that as she was a widow she hoped that nothing she had would be molested. He told her it was not his intention to intrude, that he only wished to buy some milk, bread or something out of the regular line of camp fare as a change of diet. She told him then to wait there and she would send him something, which she did by a servant, with the price, and he sent her the money. That was the only house he had been refused admittance to, until that time. After the pickets had lunched, during which time there were many remarks at the strange reception he had met with, and to whether it was safe to eat the food or not; the Federals fired on our pickets and the line commenced falling back until the premises all fell into the hands of the Federals. Soon the rattle of musketry brought the Confederate picketing General and his flying artillery to the front, when the Federals were soon in

turn on the retreat, about which time a dense heavy smoke was seen in the direction of where the house stood; when the Confederates returned, the youth, who was now acquainted, approached the beautiful paling fence again, where the beautiful residence once stood; there were smoldering embers, and just on the inside of the fence the lady of the house was sitting on a trunk and a faithful old negress sitting on the ground beside the lady with her arms resting upon her lap and her head resting upon her arms, and both bitterly weeping. The youth deeply moved, inquired: "Mrs. Buchanan, what does this mean?" "Oh, sir, I don't know? I told them that I was a Union woman, and that I asked the Confederates not to come into my house, and that my husband up till his death a few months ago was a Union man, and they never entered my house. But sir, they have not only burned my house, but took off everything valuable they could find, carried off all of my negroes, 59 in number, except this old aunty here, who clung to me so that they left her. Oh, sir, what will I do?" The youth told her that his father was a Union man, but that was the first exposition of abolition vandalism he had experienced, and that he believed for the first time, it was the intention of the Federals to free the slaves, though all prisoners with whom he talked emphatically declared that if they thought so they would quit the Federal army and return home.

While there were many things that were wrong, perpetrated by the different sections of the Union, such as the tariff which built up one section of the Union at the expense of the other; the making Free Ports of Eastern harbors, &c. The great underlying basic cause was African slavery. The greatest New York paper, The Tribune, attacked the institution and declared the Constitution a league with hell. The trouble that took place in Kansas at and before the time it was made a State; the John Brown raid, and the arrest of his secret emissaries throughout the South, trying to cause the negroes to rise and destroy the lives of their owners; who were a facile, patient, kind, careful, true, affectionate, industrious, more virtuous Christian race than they were in their original state; whose combined labor in connection with the combined labor of their industrious, energetic, plain, hospitable, dashing, gallant, virtuous, brave, liberty-loving, Christian, kind owners, produced more raw material than double their amount of population in any other part of the world at that time. Until the political gangrene, jealousy, envy and malice of their sister States at home, and also the European or Caucasian in their old Fatherland, were amazed at their rapid strides at wealth, intelligence and refinement,

leading in their government in every department; and they must be conquered or the world would lose its equipoise; anyway, further on its fruits we hope will be shown. For more than a month somewhere along the 50 mile line of chain pickets, from one to more than a dozen demonstrations were made per day when you could hear volley after volley of small arms, and occasionally the roar of artillery every day. About this time, when riding in a vanguard looking for the enemy, 22 cavaliers riding in columns of twos, riding along the foot of a bluff where a by-road ran, and in a dense cedar brake, four pieces of artillery hid in the cedars about 30 yards distant, and supported by about 1,000 infantry, belched forth a volley of canister and grape into their right flank. The youth's comrade's leg was shot off at the ankle or nearly so, as he fell from the horse in a beseechingly, appealing manner, he called to the youth and said: "Oh please help me! I would help you, if you were in this fix." The youth called to his uncle and another comrade to help him, and they put him on the horse and led him out from under fire as soon as possible. The youth then assisted his comrades in pouring rapid volleys of small arms, having their guns, and then two Colt's six shooting repeaters apiece; the range was so close and the squad's firing was so rapid that the enemy limbered up and left in a hurry. The enemy must have fired too high, as the loss of his comrade's foot and horse were the only casualties of the van-guard. It must have been a glancing shot that did the execution.

The general advance of the Federals commenced on the Confederate forces around Murfreesboro. The Confederate cavalry contesting every inch of ground, when they arrived at the beautiful open valley of Stewart's creek, which cut their advance at right angles, it was a grand sight to see the regular alignment kept up by the Confederate cavalry, and the advance of the grand Federal army, said to have been 86,000. At the creek under the cover of the narrow strip of timber along its banks, the Federals approached very cautiously, and of course were received very warmly, as the General commanding the cavalry, orders were, when they come in good range, fire and fall back, if necessary. While resting at the creek with pickets on either side and taking advantage of the bluffs, rocks and large trees, the youth called out to the opposite picket, "What is the use of us shooting continually at each other when there is nothing accomplished by it; let's play quits for a while and be social; so the pickets calling to the reserves, told them a truce was on, and if the boys wanted to be friendly, they could a few in number go down to the creek banks and converse with

each other, and the Generals would watch for them, too, and not let them be molested, and warn them of any approaching danger, but to take no arms with them. So quite a little squad gathered unarmed on the banks of the creek and had quite a pleasant time, chatting, exchanging tobacco, coffee, knives, names or other little souvenirs, even engaging in several games of cards. In the meantime the commanders were notified and papers were exchanged for them. During the truce one of the Johnnys asked a blue coat where they were going? and the blue coat jocularly answered, that they were on their way to Murfreesboro to take Christmas dinner. The Johnny told him that they would be glad if they would come as they were then, peacefully; but if they intended to try and force their way there it would be the costliest dinner they ever ate. Soon a command of blue coats came slipping down the creek at trail arms and half bent; the pickets were true, and they warned the truce off, when all parties shook hands and got back to their post, just as they came charging down the creek pouring a volley at the unoccupied truce ground, but no one was hurt, and they went back a little surprised at the result; and as they didn't attempt just then to cross over the creek, the Confederates held their fire. The Federal advance was soon sounded, and the Battle of Stewart's Creek commenced. Dismounted cavalry on the Confederate side soon had to give way before superior numbers, never fearing infantry excepting when vastly outnumbered, having fought it so long, as well as reasonably successfully. A bomb exploded under the horse of a cavalier, sending the rider into the air some distance. He came to the ground on his feet, running in a circle around his horse; then made for the mutilated remains of the faithful, noble animal that in death had shielded him, secured the bridle and saddle, and throwing them across his shoulder, made for the rear. The lines retreated slowly across the open field into the cedar brakes, where every time a Federal form was detected close enough for firing at, it was in danger. The Confederates adroitly taking advantage of every stump, tree, rock or mound, which made the advance very slow. They had now arrived in the vicinity of LaVergne, the headquarters for so long a time of the Cavalry General. The ground was hotly contested. The youth was hugging a small sapling about six inches in diameter; a bullet struck the tree opposite his pelvis and jarred him; he poked his head around the tree to see where the bullet hit; just then a bullet struck the tree just against the side of his face, knocking the bark in his face and stinging it badly. He jerked his head back and frowned. His lieutenant, who was sheltered behind a large

tree to his right, caught his eye about this time, smiled at the occurrence and the youth returned the smile. As he did so, another comrade said "Look yonder at A. B. a-laughing; God d—n him, he had better be praying." The youth detecting where the shot came from and raising his gun to his shoulder, answered, "I said my prayers before I came here—now is the time for fighting"; drawing a bead on his antagonist (who had leaped to his feet from where he had been concealed behind a large log, and straining his neck and eyes to see what execution he had done), fired; his antagonist fell over, and he was not disturbed any more from that quarter. The youth fervently praying that he might frighten or wound his adversary and not take his life. The youth, a Christian by birth and raising; his antagonist must have been one, too. The skirmishing and fighting continued for four days, before the Federals reached the confederate army posted on the fields north of Murfreesboro, where the battle commenced, the Federals seeming to have grown bolder, while the Confederate cavalry with their lines never having been broken, seemed more stubbornly to resist their advance. As the youth got on top of a small rise, and he took in the scene; two grand armies soon to commence a deadly conflict for the mastery, aided by all of the improved implements of modern warfare, and directed by the best military geniuses of one of the most refined and civilized nations of earth. While a soldierly thrill permeated his every being; it all seemed wrong. The Nation was atoning by or through blood, for the curse of African slavery. The Confederate cavalry passed through or over it seemed like, the prostrate lines of infantry, and moved rapidly to the rear; the enemy rapidly pursuing, delivering a general fire along the whole line. In a moment the entire line of Confederate infantry poured a volley while still on the ground, which seemed to partly demoralize and check them, when reloading and firing again from their prone position, the partly demoralized Federal lines became broken and ragged; reloading at command, they rose to their feet, charged rapidly to the front, fell to their faces, it seemed, just as the Federals delivered a volley. The Confederates were again on their feet, charged rapidly again, steadied their line, which was now very close, delivered a deadly volley, then, with fixed bayonets charged the Federals. At most points along the line the Federals gave way, at other points the ground was so hotly contested that the brave Southern and Northern men were impaled on each others' bayonets, and after the battle, were found in pairs, cold in death, each of those pairs valiantly battling for what they thought was right. This continued until night, when

the firing all ceased, and the two armies camped on the field. Near the middle of the night a detail of 900 picked men and horses under the leadership of the Cavalry General, moved around to the left of the Federal army, going completely in their rear, passing close to a large marble statue. The cavalier just ahead of the youth in the column nodding, fell backward in his saddle, jerking his horse back upon the youth's suddenly waking and seeing the large white statue by his side, said, rather excitedly, "Good evening, Maj. Rosecrans, I didn't intend to insult you, sir." Soon after daylight they came in sight of a brigade of infantry, when the General marched them in column around a hill for some time, then suddenly dividing them into three divisions or squads, charged them on three sides. They fled and left four pieces of cannon and a lot of prisoners in the possession of the Confederates. They then proceeded to LaVergne, where another command was encamped, and seemed to be the general encampment of the wagon trains. They were soon routed, and the wagons massed and burned, hundreds of the wagons attempting to retreat along the pike at full speed in the direction of Nashville. The General, taking a squad of his troopers, pursued at full speed parallel, until he cut them off, where he discovered a squad of Federal cavalry formed in two semi-circles across the pike to resist his advance. Carrying his men at full sweep across the pike around the hill, to their right, he formed columns of fours and charged them in their right flank. They delivered their fire, but without effect, shooting too high, and fled in the direction of Nashville. As the pike for miles was now in the possession of the Confederate cavalry, they were ordered to run the wagons together and burn them, and after selecting any animals they might need for immediate use, shoot the remainder. The youth got the horse he was riding shot and had to mount a fine looking mule. The troopers took sacks of parched coffee and such things as they could immediately utilize, what they could carry, and as they passed across the country going west, dropped them at the houses along the road for those good Tennesseans to enjoy. They then proceeded to Nolansville and destroyed another train. They then rode as rapidly as they could and came in on the left wing of the battlefield. The battle having raged all day, the Confederates having driven the right wing of the Federal army back more than four miles, the 900 men under their General had made a complete circuit of the Federal army, captured more than 1,700 prisoners; captured and spiked 4 pieces of artillery and destroyed the principal part of the Federal supply train, which contained \$15,000,000 in green

backs to pay off the Federal army when they captured Murfreesboro. Nor was that all; in front they were badly beaten by that old disciplinarian's army of well-drilled, bare-footed, ragged Confederates, who left blood on the snow from frost-bitten feet. Could anything but patriots have borne what they did? On the left late in the evening a cannon ball took off a trooper's head, just ahead of the youth. The decapitated body fluttering and jerking as it fell to the ground like a decapitated chicken, while the quivering head, with its suffering features plowed up old mother earth like a cannon ball. Fully 30,000 troops of that vast army were on the retreat the next day twelve miles from the battle-field, moving in the direction of Nashville, but as the battle was not continued the next day they were halted, and both armies lay in a few miles of each other, and wrapped in Dear Old Mother Earth's bosom the purest and best of her noblest and bravest sons. The true patriot alone to his loved cause can envy them such a death. And as the two brothers of one Republic bid each other good-bye on Stewart's creek just four days before, and the South-son said to the North-son: "if you come in peace you are welcome, and we would be glad to have you eat Christmas dinner with us; but if you come to eat per force, it will be the costliest dinner you ever ate," it seemed to prove so, and who knows but one of them may have passed into the unknown beyond, while the other still living, thinking of the conversation, helped bury his dead comrade. Such is war! When will mankind become so refined, cultivated and pure, that war shall be no more; and all disputes be settled by arbitration, and without the shedding of blood, and the great engines of war now manufactured be changed to useful articles to promote peaceful avocations, to supply plentifully all wants, creating happiness, as a precursor of Eternal Fruition and Glory..

The youth was on picket duty one day and a squad of blue coats came down the pike bearing a white flag, they came a reasonable distance and halted, set a large trunk down in the center of the pike, and left, a gentleman sitting on it; some of the pickets improvised as best they could a flag of truce and went out there, to see what it means. Arriving there, quite a polished, nice looking gentleman bowed to them and accosted them thus: I have been banished from my country, but gentlemen, I am banished among those that I consider my enemy, and I dislike as much as I do those that have banished me; it is all done because I have taken up the cause of my country, and condemning both contending factions, that are extreme; my name is Vallangiham of Ohio (spelled Vallandingham). The boys sent to their

General to know what they must do; he told them to receive and treat him kindly, and hold him until he heard from the commanding General. He telegraphed to Richmond to know what he must do, and they telegraphed to receive him by all means, and let him have the freedom of the country and go wherever he chose. The pickets found him to be a polished, nice gentlemtn, and a treat to be with him, reflecting fully the sentiment of the Union element of the South.

Here was a Union Patriot whose whole object was the preservation of the American Republic on the principles upon which it was founded, and because he had enough American manhood and intelligence to wield a power and expose and oppose discerning, rancorous fanaticism, he must be expatriated, and thousands were made political prisoners for expressing their sentiments; similar cases were those of Andy Johnson and Brownlowe among the Southern fire eaters; and every avenue on both sides of the line was closed and closely guarded on both sides, while the ravages of army diseases, and the unchained bull dogs of war, furnished millions of victims for the carnal, hellish orgies of the Demons of battle as they gloated over their prospects of reaching the very vitals of the only true, living, philosophic government of democracy. The Monarchies and Despotisms, and other quasi Republican governments were astonished at the gigantic struggles, reports as they came in, and pondered how soon, many heterogenous, petty governments would be carved out of the defunct democracy, and what would be their spoils. The anguished Goddess of Liberty whose supplications are pure, is still supplicating the Throne of Mercy.

The sepulture of the dead, and removing of the wounded being attended to, the Confederate General quietly moved some thirty miles further south, and the youth's command was stationed on the Shelbyville and Nashville pike. While camped at old Middleton, several miles to the right of last named pike, a body of Federal cavalry, just before daylight, charged into their camp. Gathering his arms, ammunition and one blanket, he and one of his comrades leaped the rail fence, and hid in a brier thicket (as luck would have it, their horses, and most of the men were sent several miles south to graze the horses, as horse feed was scarce); the Federals pillaged their camps a little in the dark, and then re-uniting, formed a column of fours in the road along the opposite side from where they were lying, and then moved slowly off; soon light dawned and a few Federal stragglers came along and acted so foolishly, that the few Confederates that were hid out, soon got together and captured them, when to their amazement they found them to be drunk, which accounted

for their actions. As soon as they sobered enough they inquired why they had acted thus. The Federal prisoners told the Confederates they were given spirits to inspire them to deeds of valor, as they were told the Confederates did, but that they had taken a little too much.

Not long after that on the pike at Old Rover, a Tory living a few hundred yards from the camp of the reserve pickets, and inside of the chain picket line, led a force of fifteen hundred Federals against the picket line at that point, five hundred of whom he guided upon a soft hollow between two pickets standing on either hill some distance apart, woods intervening along the hollow, the remaining thousand Federals driving the pickets back on the reserve; the picketing force at that point amounted to 84. Commanded by a Major, he formed the reserve along behind a cedar picket fence; the cedar pickets were between 5 and 6 feet in height and well set in the ground, which made a very good protection against a cavalry attack in front. The Federals advanced to within about 200 yards, when they commenced firing, and knowing their numbers and expecting the 500 sent to charge the reserve in the rear, they moved boldly on, finally discovering the picket barrier, and receiving a volley from the reserves, they wavered; just at that juncture, the ground seemed to be trembling, and a dreadful roaring noise broke upon their ears, and one of the Confederates discovering the cause yelled: Here, Major, the enemy are right here in our rear! The Major, like a flash, commanded: By fours, right wheel, charge, so as to run out from between the two lines; the Federals dashed with their sabers drawn right in among the unsuspecting reserves until it was seemingly too late to do anything; but the sudden impact caused by the picket fence stunned and surprised the Federals so, that while recovering the Confederates fought like demons, clubbing the Federals over the head with their guns, then drawing their Colt's repeaters, made every shot tell; during the close stunning din, the youth and one of his comrades attempted to escape in the direction the Federals charged from (the youth having just been relieved from picket and arriving at the reserce; had loosened his saddle girth to let his horse eat, had failed to regirth it, the attack was so sudden); so in passing to the rear his horse at full speed wanted to go on the right side of a large stump and he on the other; the saddle turned and he fell to the left, clinging to his bridle reins with his left hand, his rifle in his right, and his left foot fastened in the stirrup; the animal made a few rapid bounds, stopped, looked back at the running fight, as it rapidly moved southward down the pike, and neighed; the youth

with a successful kick, freed his left foot, mounted to his feet, bringing his right shoulder up under the saddle, righted it back, vaulted into it, without taking time to regirth it; started again to the rear; two Federals pursuing; the youth passed seemingly a dead body that lay across the road, and soon the house where the Tory guide lived; and in a few bounds arrived at the end of the lane; under a large tree dismounted, reloaded his rifle and awaited the approach of his two pursuers. They soon appeared at the end of the lane and stopped. While there he readjusted his saddle and heard as he thought the screams of the Tory's wife, and distinctly, I told him not to have anything to do with it, and afterwards heard he was killed. He then made his way back toward the camp and met his General coming rapidly to the front with his command, who told him to feed his animal, and eat his breakfast, and come on as soon as possible. The youth and about 11 others of his companions, who fought out from among the Federal troopers by whom they were surrounded and outnumbered; now followed on after their command, and arriving at old Fosterville ascertained that only 2 Confederates were killed dead, and 38 wounded; 32 unhurt, all of whom were made prisoners; also learned from the citizens living there that the Federals pressed four wagons, put their dead into them and started toward Nashville; some of the Federals remained for a while at the picket ground feeding their horses, and to cover the retreat, the balance of the command went on three miles to Eagleville with the prisoners, where they put the 32 prisoners in the masonic lodge room while resting and feeding. The Confederate general moved rapidly to the front and engaged the Federals vigorously; in the hustle to remount and retreat; they hurried the prisoners out of the lodge room and in counting them out, found them to only count 31. They hurriedly looked around the lodge room and left. Afterwards when the 12 pickets came along following after the wake of their column, they learned from the citizens that while the Federal commander stopped there at Eagleville to rest and feed; they had put the well prisoners in the lodge room; so some of the pickets held horses while the youth and several of his comrades ran up there into the room to see if they could find anything about who were the unhurt prisoners, as they were prowling about the room picking up scraps of paper and joking each other, away back in one corner a little fellow poked his head out of a large barrel and asked: "Why, is that you A. B.? I thought I recognized your voice. How did the fight go? When it opened I jumped into the barrel and the boys took the cotton I took out of it and stuffed it

all around me; so he soon told him the names of the boys in there with him and most of the wounded. The Confederate general pursued rapidly and made it hot for them and captured some. This clearly shows not only the hardships of the picket's life, but the hard fighting they had to do and how great the mortality.

Having run short of clothing and having captured some Federal clothing which was mostly woolen, the youth donned some, as well as many of his comrades and soon found they had many body lice on them and then soon followed camp itch and erysipelas, when he applied for leave or privilege to go to the country and see if he couldn't get relief; having a great uncle living near by, and obtained permission; when he went to his great uncle's who sent for his country physician and in about two weeks treatment told him he could report back again to his command. While at his uncle's he visited several times the neighbors, one of whom told him the Federals had been there foraging. His uncle was near seventy years old. The Federal officer told the men to load the wagon with corn. The old uncle took his gun and set down at the crib and when they had taken as much corn as he thought they ought, he told them very positively that they had as much as he could spare, and pointing his gun at the men in the crib told them to come out that his family had to live, they obeyed the old man and told him they must have some beefes and as they attempted to drive all of his cattle out of the lot, he stood at the gate and let such pass as he wanted them to have. When they were through the officer asked him: "Old man, are there any secessionists about here?" The old man answered very positively: "Yes, and if you see any one around here and he says he is not a secessionist, you watch that man, he is a rascal." The officer told him he was glad to meet him and to see he was not afraid to express his sentiments and bid him good-bye. An incident occurred at a cousin's near his uncle's, that was very rare. Another cousin had some very fine deer hounds and was out hunting; a grown deer came running down off the mountains; ran into the field where the hands were at work and lay down. One of the hands, a stout young negro ran to the deer (that made no resistance) picked it up and placing it across his shoulder ran up into the yard where the youth, his cousin and several others were standing talking and working. His cousin said to the negro: "Why that deer is alive, what are you doing with it on your shoulder? Put it down." The negro obeyed. He then took his pocket knife which was very sharp, stuck it through the deer's neck just back of the jugular vein and cut it in two,

when it bled profusely and died almost without a struggle. Deer were common then in the Cumberland mountains and it was passed as a common incident, but shocked the youth very much who wanted it protected instead of killed. It had evidently ran there for protection and he thought it was some one's pet deer from some remote part of the mountains; as through the Southern States in those days wild pets were common among the sparsely settled settlements; such as cubs, fawns, raccoons, squirrels and many kinds of birds. The venison was quite a treat but the youth did not relish it very much. In a few days having been cured of his itch and erysipelas and having been kindly treated making the acquaintance of many nice families, he reluctantly bid a final good-bye, and returned to the sterner realities of war.

During his absence from his command, when he returned, he learned that during a rainy spell all the command's arms and ammunition got wet and the Federal cavalry had received a lot of new carbines that used metallic cartridges, that would even fire in the water and he thinks they were commanded by a new Federal officer. They attacked the Confederate cavalry and worsted it badly, as their ammunition was wet, and their paper cartridges were too, and could do but little execution. The Confederate army fell back again, being vastly out numbered and made an alignment of or on the south bank of the Tennessee; while picketing on the south bank of the river the youth was detailed to scout along on the north bank; secretly crossing the river either in a flat or bateau, swimming his horse by the side; in most places the river was from 900 to 1200 yards wide. Many beautiful homes all up and down the valley on the north side of the river were deserted by the white families, and retired south of the river. Now and then an overseer or negro foreman was left in charge. The youth scoured the whole country for miles, putting up with the faithful loyal negroes where ever night overtook him or stopping and nooning, for whenever a Federal command was moving he could always hear in time to keep out of the way. One day taking a negro that belonged to a cousin of his and who was left in charge of his cousin's place, and learning that a large scout of Federals were coming from the direction of Huntsville, and moving south-west along the public road; he knew where there was a long lane running directly west, and the corn was growing fine in the fields, the fences were heavy rail fences and twelve to fourteen rails high; tying his horse he and the negro hid in a convenient place and as the command moved along the road he was counting them, the lane opened into a heavy piece of woods about 400 yards west of

where he and the negro were hid and directly he heard several shots in the direction of the head of the column, and the clattering of horses feet and the Federals yelling Forrest! Forrest! Ambush! Ambush! and the whole command wheeling about ran out of the lane as fast as their horses could take them. After all sounds had died out, and everything was still, giving the negro one of his pistols, showed him how to work it, they then went to the lane, to see if they could detect what was the matter, and what caused the singular actions of the Federals. They had not more than arrived at the fence and examined the road than two men rode into the lane, the youth eyeing as closely as he well could their maneuvers and looks, motioned for them to come down in hailing distance. When he asked them what command they belonged to and they told him Forrest's, and asked him what command he belonged to and he told them, when they soon met and had a talk over the singular occurence. They told him that just in the road a piece at a sudden bend of the road, they met; when they fired, one turning his horse to the right and the other to the left and yelling at the top of their voices: "Here Gen. Forrest, here they are right here!" When the advance wheeled and fled back on the main column yelling: Forrest! Forrest! Ambush! Ambush! The youth told the men to wait until he got his horse and they would carefully follow them in the direction of Huntsville; bidding the negro good-bye and telling him he would try and bring him all the news and that they would be back again, they followed in the direction of Huntsville; at places where the road was muddy, the newly shod cavalry horses picked up all the mud and threw it out of the road covering the fences, trees, bushes and grass and must have covered each other and their horses all over in striving to see who could arrive at a place of safety first. Pistols, blankets, cartridges and pieces of clothing being scattered along the road for a distance of about 9 miles and to within about 3 miles of town, when they seemed to have cooled or more likely run down.

Old men in Huntsville slipped their daughters through the Federal lines and turn them over to the youth and risk his safely putting them across the river. One time he had three in his charge and the Federals got wind of their movements some way and pursued with a large force, but he arrived about 1 o'clock a. m. in a secluded place on the banks of the river while it was drizzling rain and sounded his signal; when the pickets had been fighting across the river until night and they were so cautious that they sent a man across, landing at a secret place and just where the youth left the girls. He arrived just in time to give the soft signal and

save them all; successfully by carrying them across at one load and swimming his horse by the side of the boat and arriving on the opposite bank, when the pursuing Federals appeared to find they were foiled. There was a comrade that could not speak above a whisper (a brave good soldier) that generally accompanied the youth two and fro across the river, and ran great risks; but was never captured. Once while crossing in the flat one very dark night, a large sturgeon fully four feet in length leaped into the boat striking his comrade with his tail right on the side of his face; when he hallooed it being the first and only audible sound the youth ever heard him make; he dropped the oar and fell back in the boat, when the youth detecting immediately what it was, threw himself across the fish and held it and tied it; calling in a subdued manner to his comrade and explaining what was the matter. By first boiling the fish and then frying it, it was very palatable and lasted several days for the small squad that picketed that particular spot on the river. The fruit that year was very fine along the river and there was a little frost one night in July and they heard corn was killed north of the Ohio river in July about that time, when tasselling and some in the roasting ear, when crops of grain over the Southern States were very good as if Diety favored their cause. One night the youth took his post at 8 o'clock p. m. on the bank of the river (it was a clear, beautiful, full moon, balmy night, and the understanding was each picket would hold the watch and when his two hours were out, awake the next and so on through the night; but he was absorbed in trying to study out perpetual motion and apply it to propelling a boat or ship through the water. Day dawned and he was still sitting at his post absorbed in his scheme; when one of the pickets awoke and came to him and accused him of sleeping on his post. The youth believes that he studied out the principle correctly, but doubts if applied, it would have any extra power. When the wheat was ripening, and it was very good, some small farmers had no one to help them save it, the stout able bodied men being in the war; when he got permission and helped cut and shock it, and several of his comrades helped regardless of the political standing of the families, all of whom were very kind to them, and fed them well, and thanked them kindly, which was all the pay they wanted. The Federals soon attempted to pontoon the river at different places and brought their cannon into use to assist them; and he was astonished that even a general of even ordinary ability would allow another to cross a stream like the Tennessee in face of him with ten times the amount of troops and even superior arms, but such

was the fact, and he was astonished. It seemed to him not only a want of generalship, but of vigilance, in fact culpable negligence; that he would be held accountable strictly by the nation for; but not as big a blunder as giving up Columbus, and the fine bluffs on or near the mouth of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and that ought to have been held above everything in the Confederacy, and that he could have held the position with the Confederate forces indefinitely, until he would have exhausted ten times his amount of forces and expenses which would have been hard to have raised. The youth differs from anyone I have conversed with, even in taking a retrospective glance of the war, and reminds one of some of the views expressed by Gen. N. B. Forrest, though he said he was a courier several times to his command, but never conversed with him.

VOLUME TWO.

The youth's command was now ordered to Chattanooga, where they were placed on Lookout Mountain, and some stationed just on the brow of lookout point (or as many contend) lovers leap. It was grand to stand on that point and view that beautiful river and valley and its many tributaries, all fertile, and raising the necessities of life, but the youth says that any general that would let ten times his number cross that stream coming southward for 200 miles is wanting in military mother wit. Anyway, it was not long until the Federals were across and then a bloody open field fight was again fought. McPherson's corps had crossed below at Bridge Port and arrived at the top of Lookout Mountain and from some unaccountable cause, retraced it's steps without seeming to want to engage the Confederates, telling the farmers that lived on the road in Lookout valley, that they had been ordered to go to Atlanta, and as they retraced their steps in double quick, the citizens asked what was the matter, when they answered that just across the mountains the whole country was alive with rebels and that they had orders to return north of the Ohio in double quick. The youth said having gained such an advantage and then relinquish it without a struggle seemed so silly. Chickamauga a useless bloody battle was fought; then the flash of Missionary Ridge. Generals inspire brave troops like the Southern boys were by taking advantage of positions and holding, or at least trying to, and making it dear to their adversaries. Then at last when so much had been given up and the troops dispirited; a general was placed over the Confederates that prudently contested every foot of ground, and made it dearly bought, the troops learned soon to appreciate such a com-

mander. When arriving at Lost and Pine mountains, he witnessed a night attack, that while it was brilliant, beautiful and grand; was not destructive in the least; and clearly demonstrated to his mind the cause of so little destruction according to the amount of ammunition wasted. When going as a courier to Lost Mountain one day and it was raining very hard, lightning struck the off, or mule on the right side of a team, just as he was passing it and turned it, with its feet up and lying on its back, and its tail in front at the breast yoke where its neck and shoulders should have been, and did not hurt the other mule or driver or him and seemed enveloped in the electricity. Once when the youth was detailed to go out into the country to hunt up provisions for his command, riding ahead of the team and a captain with about 100 men to load and guard them, he rode up to a nice looking house and a fine looking elderly gentleman came to the door; the youth spoke to him and told him he had been sent ahead to hunt up provisions for his command, and that they were passing through the country then just west of there, and that the wagons and men to load them would soon be there. He inquired the name of the command, where the youth was from and his name; when the gentleman remarked that he knew his father well and said he knew his father was a union man, that he had too much sense to be a secessionist; that to get down and come in, that his son was welcome to anything he had. Calling his family, three nice, well developed, fine looking intelligent young ladies as he ever met, and introduced them to him, chatting them pleasantly until the wagons came up; told the gentleman and his nice daughters good-bye that he would have to go on and look up more, and to let them have what he thought he could spare. Arriving at the next place, and a very fine place it was, with abundance of provisions and no one appeared at first but the lady of the house; whom he addressed in as affable a manner as he knew how and told his business; she was not willing to let the youth have a thing; when the youth told her where he found plenty of provisions, to find out the size of the family, number of stock to feed, and make an estimate of how much it would take to do them bountifully to make a crop on, then to press the balance; that the command had to have provisions to live on; he was making the calculation when the teams drove up followed by the men to load. He told the captain to have so many of the wagons loaded with corn, when the hall door opened and a very handsome young lady walked out by the side of her mother and commenced abusing the youth, when the captain and other officers and men that were around him told him they would not

take it. He then told them to drive out fourteen large fat-tening hogs that would weigh near fourteen hundred pounds apiece. She then commenced cursing him and told him if her two brothers were there, that were in the Federal army, he wouldn't take anything away from the place; the captain told him to curse her back. He looked at her a moment and said: "Miss, nothing pains me so much as it does to see a beautiful, cultivated, refined, nice young lady as I know you to be, using such dreadful language. I am nothing but a poor soldier and I have to obey my commanders." She looked in utter but subdued astonishment for a second, threw her hands over her beautiful face and fled back into the room; as she did so her mother said: "I think so, too." The boys said, you have done better than any of us would have done. Falling back slowly until they arrived at the Chattahoochee river, contesting every available foot of ground, and at all times inflicting some loss without sustaining any; it seemed that the moral of the Southern troops was built up, till, all their loved, wily yet prudent general, had to do was to command and it seemed they rushed and loved to obey. The youth was one of the last to cross the river on one of the pontoon bridges, and just as he stepped on the bank, the Federals having got the range of the pontoon, poured several well directed cannon shot right into the bank which plowed up the earth so covering him near knee deep, and the boys helped pull him out, having cut the pontoons loose at the north bank, and then running across as it gradually swung round to the opposite bank, where it was well tied. The Confederates were now on one bank and the Federals on the other, and as the weather was warm and dusty and nothing could be accomplished by desultory picket firing across the river, they called a truce, and many went in bathing, while bathing, diving and ducking each other. A Federal tied a strong cord, the end of which he had brought across the river, to one of the floating cables of the pontoon; a concealed Confederate was watching him all the time; when fastened he tried to swim back across the river; when about the deepest part of the river and nearely half way across, the concealed fellow would pull the cord and duck him; he held on until he couldn't stand the ducking any longer, rose finally to the surface, shook out his long locks and blowed out the water with which his system was fast filling; looked a keen long look at the lower end of the pontoons, and swam out to the shallow water near the bank and watched the lower end of the pontoons for some time; thinking he was not detected and being rested, he attempted it the second time with like results; his discomforture was no more than the

glee of the concealed Confederate; getting some five or six others to join him, they came over to the pontoons and for a while joined Johnnys in diving off of the pontoons and sporting and ducking and ducking each other in the river and now and then examining and passing remarks about the nice staunch, convenient pontoons. When ready they started back again, when out in the deep water they combined their strength, but the concealed Confederate ducked them all, until the rest had to let go to rescue their now strangling, sinking companion; remarking audibly enough to be heard, let the dam thing go; its fastened somewhere. Some of the Confederates now for the first time catching on, yelled out laughingly: "What's the matter, boys, do you need any help? If you do just let us know." Some two or more weeks after this he was sent as a courier to a command stationed some 8 or 10 miles up the river to a shoaly place, where the river could be forded. Arriving at their camps he found that the commander had left so he commenced looking around to see where they had formed and by examining the tracks find which way they had gone, when about 3,500 Federals seeing the smoke rising from the still burning fires commenced firing on the camps with the new Henry repeating rifle, jumping behind a very large oak and holding his horse in line parallel with the direction the balls were coming, he remained there until the firing ceased, and as shots were now directed by his own men at them, he learned not only where the command was, but soon joined them, and delivered his message; while he and his horse escaped unhurt, though bullets rained like hail concentrated on the camp for about 15 minutes, around him and his frightened animal. A change was made again in their commanders; and that army again placed in incompetent hands; though a brave, gallant soldier, he was unsuited to command. The Federal commander, now reinforced, by a coup de grace, intended to wind up that Confederate command. Sending a force of cavalry competent to engage, hold and divert the Confederate cavalry; while two other commands under skillful leaders either of which should have been able to cope single handed, successfully with the depleted Confederate cavalry, were to move one to the right, turning the left flank of the Confederate army, and the other to move to the left around the right of the Confederate army, both or each to tear up the two railroads, one leading south-west and the other leading south-east, and then meeting in the rear of the Confederate army on the road to Macon; proceed on down that road, tear it up, and release the prisoners at Andersonville. The Confederate cavalry leader general who had always been the eyes

and ears of the Confederate forces as usual was fully apprised of the movements; threw his entire forces against the command that was to engage, hold and divert them; completely routed them; gathered his command rode all that evening and night and next morning, intercepted the right column, had a running fight of about 22 miles, captured near 1700 troopers and pursuing the balance to the Chattahoochie river at Filpot's ferry, capturing the balance of their horses, about 500, on the banks of the river, and about 200 more men, who had not crossed. The general told the boys to swim the river and bring the boats that were all on the opposite bank where the balance of the fleeing Federals were, running off across the open fields. The general told them that he would cover them with his artillery. The youth looking about and not seeing any of the opposite sex about, pulled off his clothes so as not to be encumbered, swam the river and was the first one on the opposite bank and running up on the main bank, he beheld a very fine silver mounted saddle with a pair of fie holsters across the pommel. He gathered up the saddle and blankets and put them on the prow of one of the nicest skiffs, leaped in and was first on the opposite bank, where the general met him and offered him \$500 for the saddle, holsters and blankets; the youth told him his father was a strong union man and he wanted to make him a present of the saddle. The general told him that was right and he did not want to deprive him of the saddle. A lot of men went over in the skiffs to bring the large Ferry flats across; so that they could pursue the Federals, and gathering up the best horses from among them captured and from his own, sending a squad to pursue the retreating Federals, he took all of his command except those to guard the prisoners and rode day and night to overtake the other command and as they passed through the country they actually would buy entire fields of corn in the roasting ear, and would be so hungry that they ate and digested the nice roasting ears and feed their horses on the same and the stalks and blades of fodder for roughnesss, many of the horses gave out, when they would ask the people along the road; who had their crops laid by, to let them exchange their horses with them or for their mules; so many, more than half of the remnant of his command were mounted on mules. Passing along and through a small town the youth stopped to buy some ginger cakes to eat from an old negro who was selling; he asked the negro the price and he told him 50c a piece; thinking he had just \$1.50 of change in his pocket and nothing less than a twenty dollar bill; he piled up three and looking in his pocket book he did not find but one dollar in change; (as the command

was moving rapidly and he was anxious to start he handed the negro the two fifty cent pieces, picked up the three cakes and leaped on the horse and galloped off to overtake his command; actually stealing the old negro's ginger cake; though if the old negro detected it, he did not say anything. The youth said he was very hungry and he commenced eating one of the cakes as he galloped along; the more he thought of how he came in the possession of that third cake the poorer his appetite grew; taking his place in the column, he told his comrade how he came the possession of the cake and if he would accept the cake he could have it and if he ever returned that way he would settle for it; the comrade who was as lank, lean and hungry as he was took it and ate it. The youth says it is the only he recollects indirectly taking and appropriating any thing that did not belong to him, excepting once, being at a miller's house, where he was waiting until some wheat was ground for his command, he walked into the dining room, where he saw a plate of baked sweet potatoes, as he was talking to the lady he picked up one of the potatoes and remarked they were very tempting to an old soldier, she told him she had put them there for another purpose, but he was paying his way and he ate the potato. Finally part of the command of the officers and troops came up with the third Federal command, and were ordered in line to charge; an infantry command had been sent by rail down the line to assist in intercepting them; as luck, fate or providence would have it, the infantry was placed along the line of the railroad, just where the Federal cavalry formed a line parallel with it and moved onto the road to tear it up; it was a fill and the infantry lying down were well concealed: a Texan brigade of rangers were then formed and advancing from the rear; the infantry just at this juncture delivered from their concealed position a well directed, deadly fire that completely surprised and demoralized (all that had escaped being killed or wounded of them, when they fled to the rear and ran in consternation over the now in turn surprised and unsuspecting rangers, actually doing little execution, to be met by the third line who now charged them on their undrilled country horses and mules who nevertheless were the best drilled troopers and in all probability the best armed and the best shots in the world; and while their mules made every conceivable evolution as they plowed through the Federal ranks, completely obliterating such a thing as even the identity of a cavalry command, and when commanded surrendered in sundered detachments. The youth thinks that Deity alone controlled that singular fight; that proved so disastrous to that third, last, best mounted,

best equipped, best officered and finest looking set of cavalry troops. All that can be said in favor of the Confederates was that they were intrepid, invincible officers and men; who being drilled to fight on horse, foot or mule back, singly, in squads or in commands, had never known capture or defeat. Finally obliterating all hope of the Federal cavalry releasing the prisoners at Andersonville or destroying the Confederate communications at that time, or with those now annihilated cavalry commands. The youth now started with his now still successful and elated command to make a raid around the rear of the Federal command and destroy their communications. The first day on their trip his left arm was so badly swollen and he had such a high fever he reported to the regimental physician, who having examined his arm and system, called several other physicians and surgeons, when it was thought advisable to amputate the arm. The youth objected, went to his general and laid the case before him, stating the command was moving, that it necessitated his stopping and also a surgeon with him to attend to him, and that with only one arm, in all probability he would never be any more use to his country. To please give him a leave of absence to go to the country; obtain local medical aid, and when he was dismissed to return to his command. The general granted it, and going into the country four or five miles north of Covington stopped at a very nice place. The lady examined his arm very carefully; the neighbors all came in to see him and they sent for the local physician. At times his fever was so high he was unconscious and when the fever left him his mind was bright and clear, at which time the landlady would question him very closely; when she decided his arm was poisoned; from the milk that exudes from the white sumac when cut, lacerated or broken a kind of a shrub common to central Georgia and commenced treating him for it. He thinks she took good apple vinegar, making it strong with common table salt; bathed the entire arm in or with it for some time and then coating the arm all over with nice, sweet, rich cream; kept his bowels open with epsom salts, and when his fever was high, assisted the anti-febrile given by the physician, by using cold cloths on his head, stomach and bowels and in about 12 days he was able to get around. The land lady's husband was in the Virginia army also a son-in-law that had married their oldest daughter, her only son who was very young was in the Georgia militia, and one single daughter at home about 18 years old. A great many called and offered any assistance in their power to the unfortunate youth; and finally when he was able to sit up many nice, beautiful young ladies visited him, furnishing their pure

refining tastes and company to regale and revivify the rapidly approaching asperities of his stale soldier life and to re-introduce him into the Chesterfieldan atmosphere in which he had just commence to move at his own home. One beautiful, bright, pleasant morning, when sitting in a large rocker the young lady of the household, beautifully attired in white trimmed in carmine ribbon with bow knots and bedecked with lovely moss and tea roses, and wearing lovely jewels, by nature she was graceful and lovely in every movement, form and feature with dark gray intelligent eyes, long, fine black tresses added to the blonde, made her, as she in a graceful stately manner walked across the hall, with a queenly bow inquiring how he was feeling, a perfect Venus. In the naivete of a pure youth he accosted her: "Why, Miss Fannie, you must be going a sparkling." Throwing her lovely head gracefully over her shoulder and a little to one side, in a debonair manner, shot her pure cupid darts right directly at his heart, and quickly in her suave tones replied: "Indeed sir, if I wished to spark I could do so nearer home." It was the first bout with cupid he had ever had and the shaft completely transfixes him. She fully comprehended the power of the stroke and in her sweetest, blandest tones, asked if she might bathe his arm, that she thought she could do so as well as mama, who had so many burdens and cares; and flying to the pantry in that queenly attire, as if nothing was too pure, good or costly to lavish on her captive, drawing a small rocker to his left side (for it was his left arm that was poisoned) she commenced bathing his convalescent, assuaging arm. The tender manner in which she bathed, unwrapped and handled the arm; the electric touch of those fair, tapering fingers, and soothing stroke of the soft palms of those little white dimpled hands, and as she unconsciously leaned over minutely examining every part of the healing member, conversing all the time in her nonchalant, sweetest mood, inquiring about the different members of his famliy; the heavings of that beautiful, white, full breast, that partly disclosed its loveliness, her pure maidenly sweet breath, commingling with the odor of the roses, all combined as they shot through the windows and other avenues into the heart of that model soldier boy and surrounded him with a halo of exquisite delight in anticipation of the real, that cannot be excelled, for two pure hearts had met that knew no guile. About four or five years before that, a fanatic accompanied with about twenty-two others of his own ilk, with emissaries sent and scattered through the pro-slavery states, tried to encourage and stimulate to insurrection the peaceful, satisfied slaves. The action of the fanatic then proved an abortion, and it be-

ing telegraphed all over the slave states to look out for an uprising. Many men blacked themselves and kinked their hair and commingled with the negroes; and soon detected and arrested the emissaries and th leading and most dangerous male slaves. Their plot was to arm themselves with all the improvised weapons they could gather from the rural districts around the leading cities, or towns at a preconcerted time fire them and as the white males would come running from their houses they were to be put to death; also all the old white women and the old black women, and also some few of the kindly disposed white males that they thought they could manage to leave, to assist them in carrying on their government, but none of the young females of either race were to be put to death. Many a negro had singled out the female they intended to make wives; this youth's sisters had been singled out and the negroes were known to the youth. Caucasian Northron or Southron, in fact Caucasian American, after being apprised of such a love scene as just delineated, and the action of a lot of fanatics and their followers, in their heinous, hellish intentions; cannot you forgive this youth for fighting and voting in all after life for Caucasian or White Supremacy?

The youth now becomes the soldier man and bidding farewell to that dear, kind, loved family, he started out to hunt for his wagon camps. Meeting with a lieutenant who was also returning to his wagon camps, they traveled together for several days, and finally met another soldier of his company and all three reported to an infantry command and the next day fought in the battle of Jonesboro; not really accomplishing anything. They then tried to go to their own commands and the soldier man's horse died; being left afoot he hired a man to go along with him and let him ride one of his horses when he could bring it back. At home the youth got him another horse and returned to his command, and was better mounted than ever.

His general now followed along after the Federal command, harrassing whenever and wherever he could. One day when they were in about 75 miles of the coast and heading for the mouths of the Ogeechees, the general sent a detachment under the command of a gallant lieutenant colonel with 200 men and officers, ordering them to have their guns and sabers and keep their two pommel holster pistols and their two belt pistols; and to move around in front of the Federals and keep between them and the coast; and find out if possible where they were going to reach the coast first and report same to him. Traveling around or flanking them on the right, while passing around a small town on a by road and

just as the head of their column had entered one of the main roads that entered the town, some young ladies, sixteen in number, astride of horses bareback, and with an old man on horse back leading them, screaming and greatly excited with their skirts to their knees and their long tresses floating in the air and galloping or running their horses at full speed right down a long slope from the direction of town. The colonel had halted his column. The ladies seeing the column and thinking they were cut off, tried to check their horses; the soldiers motioned their hands beckoning them to come on; and thinking there was no other recourse; they ventured forward, and discovering friends gathered around the head of the column and begged the colonel and soldiers to please go up in town and protect their mothers and sisters, that the yankees were robbing them of their jewelry, cutting open the feather beds and pillows and strewing things all over the place and insulting their mothers and sisters. The soldiers could then hear the screams in town. The colonel (though a tried brave soldier told the soldiers that they knew his orders as well as he did and that he had no orders to attack the Federals. The men now crowded around the colonel and insisted on giving them a call; that they would shoulder the responsibility; when the colonel though anxious, reluctantly consented, and ordering his men to deploy for a charge and to pull down the fences preparatory; when they charged pell mell right through the center of the place and such a sight as met their gaze almost made heartless demons of them, for never before had they beheld with their own eyes, war waged against helpless women and children and maidens ravished, one raising herself from the ground as her ravisher fled from her, waved her hand and exclaimed: "Go in my brave boys and avenge the wrongs of the Southern women!" The Federals fled as fast as their horses would carry them, in the direction of their troops. A line of infantry hearing the rapidly advancing firing formed to receive the charge. The fleeing Federals followed so closely by the Confederates tore the line all to pieces. Another heavier line of infantry in like manner was shattered and then they approached a third and still more formidable line right under the brow of a hill on which about sixteen pieces of artillery were forming supported by the 17th army corps. The soldier man being mounted on one of the best chargers of his command, having pursued the retreating Federals near two miles and now following closely after the last retreating ravisher of the little town having distanced his comrades at least 400 yards; and who had halted up and were forming in his rear as they had discovered the artillery and main body

of the enemy just before the soldier man dashed into the third line, they delivered a volley at the Confederates forming on the opposite hill, missing him and his horse in a flash he darted among them and took in the situation. Raising himself to his full height and waving his fourth pistol above his head in a loud commanding tone exclaimed: "Surrender every hoof of you for if you do not we will not show you any quarters for the way your men have been acting over here." A little fellow just to his left cried out oh Lordy! Lordy! I surrender! I surrendered! and just danced around; the guns dropped to the ground all around him; just at this juncture a large fine looking federal officer pointed back upon the hill where the artillery was forming, and was reloading a gun, as he was retreating, exclaimed in a very cool and positive manner: "We've got plenty more right back upon the hill sir." In a flash turning his horses head to the left and toward the officer; he exclaimed: "Do you suppose sir, we don't know your numbers, and you in an enemy's country? You had better surrender sir, if you know what's good for you. The officer wheeled and shot at him but missed, in a few bounds of his noble charger, which had really brought him there, he was by the officer's side, and deliberately pointing his pistol at him commanded the officer to drop that gun or he would blow his brains out. He dropped it, and wheeling his horse around in a loud voice commanded them to get back out of there as fast as possible; that the battle would soon open; as they moved down into the hollow between the two hills on which the Federals were forming and the Confederates were forming, the soldier man counted one-hundred and fifty-three when they arrived in the hollow where a little branch run; with some shrubbery about waist high, and a lot of tall long leaf pines, the Federal artillery opened fire at the Confederates and the cannon balls passed through the tops of the pines and over their heads, cutting off the limbs and falling among the prisoners, when to save themselves they had to dodge them. The roar of the artillery deadened all sound. The soldier man pointing his pistol first at one and then at another he drove eight up the hill into his lines; before he arrived at his lines his body servant rode up to the Federal officer (who was among the eight prisoners) and grabbed his hat off of his head remarking: "I lost my hat in the charge and I must have one." The officer in a deprecating manner looked at his captor; who commanded his servant to return the hat, that he was able and would get him a hat; and the servant returned it, when the officer thanked his captor. When he reached his lines he turned the eight pris-

oners over to the soldiers; who carried them back to the colonel. He then rode down the hill toward the Federals to where he saw a fine gun and cartridge box laying; picked them up, returned to his lines, dismounted, loaded his new and singular gun and commenced shooting at the Federals; while thus engaged a courier came after him and told him to report to the colonel, arriving there at the colonel's the Federal officer said: "Colonel, there is the man that captured me; now if he says he will deliver me unharmed to the prison and you will put him in charge of us, I'll go with him anywhere you say go, he is a brave man and I am not afraid to go with him." It seems that the officer had overheard the Confederates talking about three of the prisoners captured that were guilty of rape, and that they ought to be shot and not imprisoned and the officer and men captured were afraid if they were sent off with them that they might meet the same fate at the hands of an outraged soldiery that were enemies. The colonel called the soldier man to one side and confidentially told him what was the matter and asked him to take charge of the prisoners and deliver them to the authorities at Savannah, Ga. The soldier man, who for convenience we will now call Private, asked that he be allowed to pick his men to guard the prisoners on to Savannah, and he did so, asking for only eight, he making the ninth, by standing guard himself; it would make three reliefs of three men, each for thirty-two prisoners, among whom were the three rapists and he delivered all at Savannah the next day, pointing out the three rapists to the civil officers and turning them all over to the military authorities; shaking hands with all the prisoners, who thanked him for coming with them, bid them good-bye and was returning to his command, when he met a lieutenant of his own company who told him to fall in with them that he was cut off from the colonel and would have to report to the general that commanded the forces at Savannah. The general who was a Dutchman asked him if he had a man he could rely on and he pointed out the Private. The general then told him he wanted him to go to a certain man's house and that he lived near the Federal lines on the Ogeechee Island, and asked him if he knew where the pickets stood, and see if he could enter their lines, and find out about how many were on the Island, and report back by daylight. The Private carried out orders, and as the man he sent him to was a middle aged man and full of vim, he told the Private that he would go with him if he would let him have one of his pistols. The Private told him he had four, and he would furnish him two, and ammunition, and that they were Colt's 45-cal. He bid his refined, beautiful

young wife good-bye with a parting kiss, after dark, and led the way to the picket line, which they soon reached, and then the Private took charge, who secretly told his companion he had been on like errands, that his first experience was just before the Battle of Shiloh; so slipping as close as he dare to the lines, he awaited the coming of the relief guard, which was not long; when they halted, he got their exact position, before they reached the picket just in front of him. When they halted, and as they were relieving the guard, and during the noise, taking his friend by one hand and with pistols ready for action in the other hand, they passed easily without detection inside of the lines; they had not gone far, when they passed over a rise, and on another they could distinctly see fires around a neighbor's house. On arrival at the house, though they heard noises before their arrival, all was still, and on examination everything fit to eat or use in any way had been carried away, also all the family, whites and negroes, and not an animal of any kind could be found and nothing but a cockerel and one or two mates, that happened to crow once while they were there, could be found; and they had taken refuge in the extreme thick top of a large oak shade tree; and they never molested them. His companion told him that was the first sign of war he had ever seen, and that it made him feel awful.

After finding out that there were fully encamped on the northwest end of the Island an entire army corps, they retraced their steps to the companion's house, without any uncommon occurrence taking place; and getting something to eat, reported before daylight to the General, and he was surprised to discover that he was considerably under the influence of stimulants. Early in the morning he ordered his troop, which were raw militia, to the front, and ordered the Lieutenant to take the Private who knew where the Federals were, hunt them up, retreat before them and bring on the fight. That is what they were accustomed to, and leading the way to the Federal camp, found them forming in columns to march to Savannah; and though but a mere handful, deploying every five yards apart fell back in regular order until they struck the line of battle formed by the raw militia from Savannah, who had several pieces of artillery with them, and retreating as usual after a brisk fire, inside; just at this juncture both lines of the infantry commenced firing, when the General rode up to the Lieutenant and told him to charge the enemy that were moving in three columns, the central column along the main Savannah road with one on either side about two or less hundred yards apart, and parallel with the column in the road, and a line of battle that more

than lapped the Confederate line. The brave Lieutenant, who had never refused to carry out an order, ordered his men who were retreating in regular line of battle with the Private on the extreme left, to about face, examine arms, and prepare for a charge; as the infantry lines were now firing heavily he looked upon such an act as folly. Pulling off his hat and waving it, that was answered simultaneously by the waving of the Private's hat, the little squad of eighteen troopers charged through and over their own line of firing infantry, with their Colt's one solid blaze of fire; they darted right into and through the Federal lines, and into the head of the central column. It proved the last charge of the brave Lieutenant and many of that little band. The Private, and the first comrade to his right, a youth of only sixteen years (who was well mounted and well developed of his age), keeping straight ahead ran, or charged rather, through the Federal lines out into the open between the two columns. It was now all excitement and bustle in front; which was now behind to them; the two troopers, who, keeping abreast, and pressing a little closer together, handgalloped, pistols in hand, but without firing any more, as all were engaging attention at the front; they seemingly unnoticed passed out around the rear end of the right column of the Federals, and turning to their left, encircling the rear end of the column, made rapidly back in the direction of the bridge across the big O'geechee; and the only means of crossing the river. The Confederates that had not been killed or captured, had retreated across the bridge, and as the two privates neared the bridge, they discovered the Federals in possession of the near end, which was more than two hundred yards long. Federal cavalry now discovering them, tried to capture; being pursued a short distance, they took to a swamp, and the Federals abandoned the pursuit. They stopped in the swamp and dismounted letting their animals pick grass and rest from their burdens. The Private knew that they were on an island some six miles long and three miles wide, formed by the big Ogeechee that lay north of them, and between them and Savannah; the Atlantic ocean on the east; the little Ogeechee on the south, and the canal cutting across from one Ogeechee to the other on the west. As it was explained to him by his companion of the previous night and that the only feasible exits to and from the island, were the three bridges, one across the little Ogeechee on the south side of the island; and one across the big Ogeechee to the north in the direction of Savannah, from whence he had just come after delivering the prisoners. Knowing that the Federals were in force on the

island, and that in all probability that the third and last bridge which was across the little Ogeechee and to the south, was also in their possession, they thought it best to keep quiet, till dark and until all was quiet in the Federal camps. About ten o'clock they rode out of the swamp into the Federal camp on the higher ground, where were their smoldering fires, and the soldiers tired and wearied, from their march were sound asleep; riding out into the main road running from south to north across the island from one bridge to the other, and a public road intersecting it about half way from the west, and coming across the canal bridge, then turning to the right, and moving along in the center of the main road toward Savannah: carrying each a pistol in their right hand and prepared for action; on the top of a gentle rise and flush against the road, they saw a large bright fire and a guard standing in front of the tent in which was a bright light. Written in large letters on a sign General Sherman's headquarters. The "new issue," asked the Private; you are not a-going to ride right by there through that light, and by that guard? Yes, was the positive reply. The Private was dressed out and out in a fine Confederate gray jeans, woven by his sister and cut out and made by the home tailor, and mounted with Confederate buttons, a fine pair of calf cavalry boots, with a pair of large steel spurs, mounted on a fine horse, and riding U. S. cavalry General's silver mounted saddle by fire, as he was fully six feet in height and wearing a new cockade hat, he looked every inch a soldier. Keeping his face direct to the front, and being on the side next to the sentinel; the "new issue," who was well mounted, as he moved into the bright glare of the light instinctively drew back, when the Private commanded him to move up. When the sentinel brought his gun to present arms, and they moved by; as he had no business with the General just then, and seeing him resting peacefully on his cot, he wouldn't disturb him. Since then he has often wondered if he ought not to have shot the sentinel as well as General, but as he was always taught to never take advantage of an innocent and unsuspecting foe, and in a cowardly manner thus take life, and thinking that if they could capture him, they could not successfully get away with him into their own lines, all of which passed through his young brain. They passed quietly on, in the direction of the big Ogeechee bridge and Savannah. Soon again they passed General's 20 Army Corps; then General Blair's 17 Army Corps, and riding a short distance through the soldiers, whose fires were smouldering, and they fast asleep on either side of the road, their camps soon gave out, which made the Private think they were in the vicinity

of the bridge, and so they were; riding a short distance, the Private told his comrade to hold his horse just off the road back of a large oak tree, that he examined as minutely as possible in the dark; so that he could easily distinguish the place. When, taking off his spurs and a holster pistol in each hand, having two in his belt holsters, he cautiously proceeded down the road towards the bridge to reconoiter; he soon discovered four pickets standing on the end of the bridge, and near by under a large live-oak tree to the left one sentinel standing, and about fifty or maybe a hundred men lying asleep. Seeing such a heavy guard he thought best to examine further, and turning to the right and down the river he proceeded, and in about one hundred yards discovered two more pickets standing; the river here gradually turned to the left, here he struck two more pickets. Now looking back up the river, the Private saw all the center of the bridge gone, and he thought how foolish to have such a heavy picket; but the Federals had an immense army and they could (he said) afford it. Just at this juncture a Johhny yelled out: Halloo over there, have you got a fellow over ther by the name of J. R.? The Federals consulting among themselves for a few minutes, answered, no! Then the Johnny asked about several other men, when they answered no. They then called the name of the Private, and then answered that they thought he was killed in the battle. The news was carried to the Private's home; when his poor invalid mother fainted and fell to the floor, repeating, No! no! Never! never! My son has never done anything to be killed for, and she then mourned for him as dead, and all the family and friends. The private went some distance down the river and found pickets standing in twos all the way and occasionally a picket reserve. When he retraced his steps to his now wearied and waiting comrade, who told him he heard the conversation at the bridge. Retracing their steps right down the big road and into the swamp as quick as they could (as reveille had sounded), where they remained all day, sitting on cypress knees and their horses standing in water, and they wondering how to proceed to get out of there. The Federals were camped all around the entire swamp, and they could hear them distinctly talking, laughing, and ever and anon giving commands. Slipping about from knee to knee, gathering moss and swamp grass to feed their horses, while fasting themselves, and planning how to get out of there without being detected, captured or killed, they spent the day; also listening at the roar of arms and artillery in the direction of the coast, eastward, during the entire day. Dark night brooding over them again, and when all was still in the camp, they

moved out of the swamp, and took the south end of the road towards the little Ogeechee bridge. Coming to a large rice plantation, they soon discovered hundreds of cattle, moving slowly through them along the road, near their center and alongside of the road, there was a bright pine knot fire and a large live-oak tree with guns sitting up all around, and haversacks hanging on them, and sitting at the root of the tree one soldier with a gun across his lap, and sound asleep; alaying all around more than fifty more, all asleep and holding the halters of their horses in their hands. The Private told his comrade to hold his horse, when, he dismounted and going to the tree he examined the haversacks and found all empty but one, and it contained three roasted, medium-size, sweet potatoes, still warm, and evidently just roasted and put in there by the now sleeping sentinel; taking them out and putting them into his own haversack, examining their arms, and finding his superior, mounted his horse, and pulling the potatoes from the haversack, divided them with his comrade, and proceeded on down the road, his comrade being all smiles at their success, and he talking how he would like to stampede the cattle if he knew how to get out of there. On the right hand side of the road they came to a large two story house, and out houses, barn, cribs, &c., all deserted, and not a human being to be found; the Private now entered a crib to see if perchance he could find anything for their poor famishing horses; the crib was half filled with shucks, and gathering up an arm full he gave them to their horses to eat, and re-entered the crib to see if perchance any corn could be found among the shucks. While hunting in one of the corners of the crib by feeling with his hands down along over the floor as it was intensely dark, he ran his hand into something soft and woolly; he pulled at it and a negro man said, Oo, oo! What is it Massy? The Private told him not to be frightened, that he was looking for some corn for his horse, and he told him he need not look, that the soldiers had took even all the shattered corn, and that they had taken everything from about the place to eat. He then said look here, Massa, ain't you one of our folks. When the Private, seeing him hidin, told him who he was, and inquiring where the Federals were, and if he knew where their pickets were, and that he was cut off in the fight day before yesterday, and that he wanted to get back to his command, and that he wouldn't bother him, and asked him not to give him away, nor let the Federals know he had seen him; he told the Private that the Federals took off Ole Massa, and all the negroes, and he had hid in the shucks, and he didn't want to go with them; that they told the young negro men they had

freed them, and they would have to pay them back by fighting for them, and he didn't want to go with them no how; that he saw how they treated the colored girls, and that was enough for him; and he was going to keep out of their way any how. The Private inquired again about their pickets, and if there were any at the little Ogeechee bridge, and he told him they were all around the island everywhere, and that no one could go on or off of the island, and that he didn't know of any place that he could cross the river at all, that their banks were generally perpendicular and so very steep and boggy that no stock loose or running at large could cross and that there was but one place where stock could pass off or onto the island, and that was five or six miles from there; the way one would have to go, and at that particular crossing it was a trail out across the canal which was generally swimming. As their horses were seemingly very fond of the shucks, he left his comrade there to take care of the horses, and let them eat, while he prepared himself and went down to the bridge to inspect, some half mile distant. Arriving in the vicinity of the bridge, he found similar conditions existing there, to those existing at the big Ogeechee bridge; four pickets were standing on the end of the bridge, and a reserve of about one hundred men near, with a sentinel leaning on his gun; examining the river bank, he found two pickets at intervals along the bank, and the bridge gone; so he thought that there must be Confederate troops to the south; but he never heard any noise on the opposite bank, all seemed quiet; and he returned to his comrade, and reporting everything as it was, and it agreeing with what the negro had told him, he got instructions how to go to the crossing on the canal, and they started for that point; having to travel by-roads, it was difficult to find the way, it being quite dark. While wandering around, Revelle being sounded and discovering they were in the edge of a swamp they rode into it, and while with care they could screen themselves, Federals were camped all around it. Nothing unusual passed or happened, except the continual roar of musketry and artillery all day in an easterly direction towards the coast. At night when all was quiet again, it was very dark, and they tried to make their way to where they could cross the canal. While trying to find the way, they came to the citizen's house that entered the Federal lines the night before the fight. There was a bright light in the house, and a cavalry command lying all around the house, with their horses saddled ready to mount at a moment's warning; not a soul was stirring. Telling his comrade to hold his horse, the Private made his way as best he could through the

dense sleeping cavalry to the house, and tapping lightly on the door, he heard some one leap out of a bed on to the floor with bare feet, and approach the door and unlock it, and slowly pulling the door open; when the Private putting his head in the partly opened door about three feet above the floor, looked all around the room; then turning his head or face rather, up sidewise, he caught his former companion's eye in the bright glare of the fire light, and his companion recognized him, and asked if all the Federals had gone, and he told him no, in a subdued tone, and that they were laying all around the house, but that they were asleep; he then opened the door sufficiently to let the Private in, and told him to come in, as no one was in the room but his wife, in a low tone. When he stepped in his beautiful little wife, leaped out of the bed and ran to him, in her beautiful white gown, and little plump, dimpled feet, and was overjoyed seemingly to see him, thinking the Federals were all gone. He now told them what had taken place, and wanted to find the way to the crossing on the canal. While he was talking with her husband getting directions, she asked him if he had had anything to eat, and she pointed to a little pile of potatoes in one corner of the room, and told him they had taken everything they had to eat but them, and some in the oven by the fire, baked; and taking off the lid of the oven, filled his haversack with roasted potatoes, thanking them and bidding them a hurried and affectionate good-bye, he hurried to his half-starved companion and horses; and started for the crossing. They hadn't gone far, when they heard a large cavalry command approaching, and they turned off of the by-road to let them pass. It was getting gray dawn, and they continued into a swamp, and the cavalry command camped along the unoccupied side as the balance was surrounded by infantry and artillery.

It was now December 11th, 1865, and a chilling arctic wave was sweeping southward, and ice was forming rapidly, and it was very bad on their two horses standing in the icy water, and without any food, except what they could gather by grazing on some tall, coarse swamp grass. The Private and his comrade saving the peel, and the ends of every potato they ate, and gave to their faithful, half-starved horses. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Private's comrade was complaining so greatly, and that his feet were freezing; that looking around and seeing a large cypress hollow about as far up as a man's head, he gathered some dry leaves and trash, he soon kindled him a fire, where he soon warmed his feet and body, little suspecting that the very comfort he was enjoying came near costing both their lives, and did cost

them their liberties, for, as the tree was a vary large one and hollow to the top, so the smoke curled out at the top of the hollow, and was discovered from the higher lands; so the General sent into the swamp his Sergeant Major with two of his escort to see what it meant; when they were discovered, when, with drawn pistols ready for action, they advanced to near where they were concealed. The Private told the comrade to take a pistol in each hand, and he did the same, and when the trio were in a few yards of them, the Private said: Halt! in a commanding tone, when, trembling from head to foot, they obeyed. He then said: We will surrender to you if you will let us retain our clothing and blankets, if not, then here goes! The officer answered: Oh, certainly, sir, and as I am the General's Sergeant Major I will tell the same to the General, and I feel certain he will grant it. They then gave them their arms and in a short while they were again among the Federals, but as prisoners. The Private told them that he and his comrade had been in their camps ever since the day of the fight. So when they arrived at the General's headquarters the Sergeant told the General where they were in the swamp and the terms on which they surrendered When the General said, Awe, tut-tut! he wouldn't dare to have hurt you inside of our lines; why he knew they would have been blown all to pieces. The Sergeant Major said, General, I hope you will grant the terms of surrender, as I believe him to be a very determined man. The General laughed and said all right, but it is a pretty bold act to surrender on terms inside of the army: and asked the Private when he knew he couldn't get out, why he hadn't come and surrendered. The Private answered the General, that the weather was cold, and it had been reported that one of the ablest bodied men in his company had been reported frozen to death in Camp Chase, Ohio, and that he didn't want to take the chances. The General asked him, as he had been in the camps several days and nights what he would have reported; and about how many men he supposed they had; and he answered that he didn't know that he would be called upon to report anything, but if he was called upon, he thought there were about 50,000, when the General remarked, Why, sir, we have 250,000. He then asked him his politics, when he told him he was a pretty good rebel now, he supposed; that he was in his teens when he entered the army, but that his father was a strong Union man, and voted Union or co-operation, he was not positive which, but that he knew he was not a secessionist. The General asked him how long he had been in the army, and if he had been in any battles. He told him that he had, but that his comrade had not been in

the army but a short time. The General asked him if he was at the battle of Chickamagua, and at Murfreesboro. He told him yes; and at Perryville and at Shiloh; when the General answered, Why, you have been all through the thing. The Private then told him if being in the army and what he had witnessed constituted being a rebel, then he reckoned he was a pretty good one; for he had experienced a great deal of army life. The General wanted to know if he had ever been captured or wounded before. He told him no, but that several times he had had the blood of his comrades or their horses spattered over him. Espying the saddle on his nice horse, he asked him where he got that. The Private told him on the banks of the Chattahoochee river at Filpot's ferry, when they captured the most of General McCook's command. The General told the Sergeant Major to carry him down to his camp and take care of him. They offered the prisoners what they had to eat, which was a few sweet potatoes and some Georgia beef, which proved very palatable, as they had had no meat in about five days. They placed two guards over the prisoners, who were reclining on the side of the hill above the fire. The comrade soon fell asleep, but the Private was wide awake when a man in old tattered clothes and slouch hat came sauntering down from headquarters, and approaching the fire on the opposite side, looked across, and catching the Private's wakeful eye peering out from under his pulled down hat brim, spoke, How are you, Johnny? and he answered, How do you do, sir? whereupon he commenced chatting with him across the fire, and talking to him about the Southern States and how well he liked them, the Southern hospitality, and delightful climate; that he was only a teamster, and that he had only volunteered for three months, and that when his time was out, he and three hundred thousand others would never be drafted any more; that he thought the war would end then; that the Federals would hardly be able to raise another army, and that the South had fought so hard for her independence, and he thought they ought to have it, and getting up and coming around the fire close by the side of the Private, he in an undertone commenced bemoaning the Federal vandalism, and sympathizing with the Southern people; now holding his head rather close and almost whispering, he said, Johnny don't you recollect one time up in Georgia one day when you and I were secret scouts, and we eat dinner at a farmer's house in the country? The Private, looking him directly in the eye, and then looking around, he discovered the guards had fallen back several paces; in a flash, comprehending the whole situation, and fully discovering who he was then talking to, the Private

rose to his feet and delivered himself, thusly: Sir, I know who you are; you are a Colonel, and I saw you at headquarters, when I was there. You are trying to draw me out, as you think to make me give myself away and implicate me as a spy; sir, I was captured or surrendered as a soldier, with my arms on and in my Confederate uniform, and you dare not treat me otherwise; I have never been a spy; I am not too timid to be one, for I love my cause and country; and if I was called upon to serve it in such a capacity, and I was free and at liberty to act, I would do so. I never met you in Georgia, and took dinner with you, at any house. I am no recreant, and I am not afraid to tell you or the world, that I have acted for my country on detached duty as a scout, but I was not apprehended or captured in such a capacity, and you dare not treat me otherwise than as a soldier. The Colonel being detected, now rose, and went whistling back towards headquarters.

The Private's bold assertion of facts, must have saved him from further annoyance then, but he was watched like a hawk, and next day he was sent off with his comrade, put in the hold of a ship, and sent to Hilton-Head, South Carolina, at the mouth of Port Royal Harbor, and placed in prison, if it could be called such. They were held under guard, on an open sand beach on the north end of the island. The Private says, to the best of his recollections. He was made issuing sergeant for one hundred men, and there were seven other issuing sergeants, and a General Tompkins, Tomkies, or Thompson, came out to the prison and gave the prisoners a talk, telling them that he was born and raised in the North, but on account of his health, he had moved South several years before hostilities commenced; and that he learned to love the Southern people and that home, while south was at Jacksonville, Fla.; that a very painful duty had been imposed upon him to perform, and it pained him very much to have to carry it out; that he was ordered to feed them on pickles and musty meal, in retaliation for Andersonville, Georgia, and that he had orders to that effect, from headquarters, that nothing pained him more than to have to carry out such an order. During his remarks he made himself known to several that belonged to a secret order. The Private and many others in the prison belonged to it. Now it was claimed that the Federal prisoners were treated that way that were confined at Andersonville prison, Georgia. The rations were 1 ounce of salt vitriol pickles put up in barrel, and 1 pound of musty meal, that was in sacks. A Federal Colonel who had talked with the Private several times, now came to him and told him he felt deeply interested in him someway and told

him, if he would agree not to try to escape and go back south, that he had a nice home in Ohio, and that he could go there and remain until the cessation of hostilities, and that it should not cost him a cent, and that his name was Velasco, and that he could get his release if he would accept it. The Private told him that he felt such a course was dishonorable and he could not do so. The Brackish water obtained from shallow wells or holes dug in the sands, and the diet, in about ten days commenced telling upon the healthy frames of those men, some of whom had become veterans indeed in war, in all its horrors, but had never faced death before in such a style; now a death, then in twos, and threes. The most intelligent of the prisoners collected in groups and discussed their situation. Exposed on the bleak open island, without a tent or covering of any kind, and it in the month of January, and mid winter on the west coast of the dark roaring Atlantic. Brackish water to drink, salt vitriol pickles and musty, stale, wormy meal to eat. During the arctic waves, their threadbare clothing was little protection, and gathering in schools of a hundred or more, they would march for hours to keep warm by exercise, and when worn out walking or marching, they would lay down to rest in holes dug in the sand, for ten or twelve men to lay in heaps like hogs, to keep warm, and to cut off the cold, damp, freezing north wind. Once stalwart, stout, cheerful, brisk moving soldiers, that had for years contended for every inch of ground that they were gradually forced back over, by the best drilled, equipped, fed and clothed army in the world; in a few weeks were reduced to starved, wan, hollow-eyed, lean, lank, crawling, miserable wretches, and at the end of forty days the fatality was a hundred; locomotion had ceased, the vacant stare from the sunken eyeballs, that a few weeks ago were the bright, virtuous, clear, cheerful, joyous, hopeful windows of the soul, of a brave youth, now only indicated that reason had fled, before the lingering soul had taken its flight, into the untried, unknown beyond, to commingle perchance with their comrades, that had passed in varied ways, to recount with each other the unmitigated horrors of their sad passage. Pardon the writer, as his feeble pen will try to paint a prison scene as told by the Private that happened about this time. Two men were dying; the Private with at least two hundred of the prisoners names, appended to some resolutions adopted among the prisoners, who were supposed to be rational enough to know what was best, and to preserve their comrade's lives if possible, was kneeling over them and telling them, and trying to explain to them that they had done all that mortals could for their country, as they were now dying;

and situated as they were they could not live at best but a few days; but it had been decided by their sane comrades; that they may yet live, first for their God, and second for their families; and now if they would agree not to take up arms any more against the government of the United States, they would send them to the hospital; and if they lived, it would be first for their God and then for their families; and to take that paper with them, and it would exonerate them in their actions; as having done all in their power for their loved country; and that no comrade who was a brave soldier, would charge them with disloyalty; with the Private was a Federal colonel, who was there to administer the oath. Just at this juncture a Federal lieutenant and a private approached the dead line, when the lieutenant said: "Guards, I am just from Andersonville prison, and I want to talk to the prisoners." The guards told him that they had orders not to let any one talk to the prisoners; but as you are an officer, and these prisoners are retaliated on for the way they were treated he reckoned it would be allright. Wesolowski, (a Polander) and a very intelligent soldier approached the line opposite where the lieutenant stood; when they spoke to each other, and the lieutenant inquired what rations they received daily. Wesolowski told him 1 oz. pickles and 1 oz. musty meal. He then inquired what that Federal colonel was doing in the prison. Wesolowski answered: "A great many of the prisoners have died; and that when a prisoner got so low that the prisoners that were not stricken down, and still able to go, and were supposed to be sane, would sign a list of resolutions to the effect that their treatment would prove fatal at any time, and that their comrades were satisfied under existing circumstances that they were actually dead to their country, and would never be able to serve it any more. But as the first and highest duty of man was his duty to his Creator, and that as his second duty was to his family, and that his third was to his country; and as they knew full well that they had discharged fully every duty they could for their country, except to die; and that their comrades that were still supposed to be sane, were willing to attest to the same; that if they would agree not to take up arms any more against the U. S. A. that they would take them to a hospital and try and restore them to health. The two prisoners turned over on their sides and refused to take the oath, or accept their comrades' resolutions of exoneration or culpability. The Private then arose and walked over to where Wesolowski and the lieutenant were conversing. Eyeing closely the lieutenant and the private that were reputed to be from Andersonville and exchanging the military

salute. The private saw they were scrupulously neat and clean, and both attired in new military suits according to their rank, but they looked very much emaciated. He asked them if they had been exchanged, they answered no. That a great many were sick and they were paroled then on their honor; not to take up arms until legally exchanged. The Private then asked him what rations they received at Andersonville, and the lieutenant answered 1-4 lb. of bacon, 1-2 lb. of meal and whenever they could get any they issued them turnips and potatoes: but he said you know being confined in prison is bad at best, and the meal didn't agree with northern troops, that they were used to wheat bread. The Private told him that exactly the same rations that he had were issued to him for several months to fight on; about that time one of the prisoners called to the Private to come quick, the two prisoners were both dead. The lieutenant took out a nice handkerchief and commenced wiping the tears that were trickling down those clean yet thin cheeks, and remarked: "My God, has it come to this; that my country punishes innocent, helpless prisoners this way, to extort an oath from them; Great God! Anderson was hell, but this is worse than hell!" The guards now said, no more talking, while the weeping Goddess of Liberty brooded in sorrow over the sad fate of the two loyal Confederates, and declared that in her power such a state of affairs should not exist long within her realms. In eight more days, seventy-six more of those poor, lean, lank, wan, hollow lusterless-eyed, miserable, crawling, bone cracking and clanking Hilton Head, S. C. Confederate prisoners joined their hundred comrades that had just preceded them to the realms of boundless eternity. Twenty-two was the greatest mortality during twenty-four hours. The prison was now ordered to be broken up. During the forty-eight days according to the Private's recollection, as they would send details out to get fuel out of the drift wood, under guard, the details would pick up all kinds of old refuse vegetable and oyster cans; and pieces of iron pewter, lead, solder, etc. The cans to cook the stale, wormy meal, and the solder to mend them with. Sealing them up tight and fastening them under their arms by strings, on dark, drizzling nights; twelve had passed the guards, with the intention of swimming to the main land, six miles distant; whether they ever arrived there or not, has never been learned by the Private. Eighty-six were sent to the hospital and the balance were sent to Fort Delaware, five hundred and thirty-four. The writer saw in a history of the war by E. A. Pollard, in the eighteenth chapter and fourth edition, where out of four hundred and sixty-

two prisoners that arrived at Fort Delaware, only sixty could walk to the barracks, and that a great many of them had their teeth to drop out and their finger nails and toe nails to fester and drop out, and many of them had holes eaten into their flesh until it exposed the bones; and the horrors of their prison life on the Island of Hilton Head before they were removed, equaled, if it did not surpass, anything of the horrors of the middle ages. So, if what the Private states be correct and what the history states is correct, by deducting four hundred and sixty-two from the five hundred and thirty four, there must have been a mortality of seventy-two on the passage from Hilton Head to Fort Delaware. The Private states, also, that many of the eighty-six that were sent to the hospital died. That of all those that recovered, they wouldn't allow any of them only the liberty of the Island until the first of May, some two months and ten or fifteen days, and as each invalid recovered enough to go to work they put him to work loading and unloading vessels, and told them they were, and would be on trial to see how well they would keep their promise not to take up arms against the U. S. government any more, and told them they would pay them for their work, but placed negro guards over them. They would work one-half of the prisoners, or as they styled themselves Galvanized Yankees, from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening; and the other half from 6 o'clock p. m. until 6 o'clock a. m. During the time they were working them, one of the prisoners, who was very young, about seventeen, being worked at night, a light barrel came rolling by him and he kicked at it to stop it, and missed the side of it, as it was rolling very fast, and struck it on its head, knocking it in and several nice suits of clothes came rolling out, getting in the dark of a torch or lantern; he donned a suit right away and started to walk down the gangway, when fearing he would be detected; he walked to the edge, stooped, caught hold of a beam and swung off, thinking he would strike the surface of the tide where it was near four feet deep, which would break his fall, and he could walk out all right, but alas, he miscalculated, when, as the tide had gone out, he fell some thirty-five feet on the hard sand, and so sprained one of his ankles that he could not walk on it; when he crawled to a house near by and found it occupied by an old negress; and told her he had fallen off of the gangway and had sprained his ankle so he couldn't walk. She said to him: "Look here child, a'n't you one of them prisoners working on the dock. Look here child, Aunty a'n't going to give you away." And she took him and secreted him, doctored, nursed and fed him for about

two weeks, until his ankle got sound, and stored him away in the hold of a ship that touched there that was going to the whale fisheries in the North Pacific.

One dark, drizzling, rainy night when the Private was very sick and lying in his bunk, two of the negro guards came to the barraeks between 12 and 1 o'clock at night and asked for the Private, stating that they were ordered to bring him to the dock dead or alive. The prisoners told them that he was very sick and that he could not go. Feeling along in the dark they arrived at his bunk and told him to get ready, that they were ordered to bring him to the dock. He told them he was ready, as he had his clothes on and his shoes, but that he would have to crawl, and he had the dysentery so bad he couldn't walk. Though it was as dark as Egypt and drizzling rain, and the threadbare suit he had on was all he had, and they would neither turn rain or cold; and his suffering was so great that he had given up all hope of life, and tried to be resigned to the wrongs inflicted, as it seemed all the Stevedore wanted was to punish him in any conceivable way that he could. So saying, Good-bye Boys, to those who had been awakened, as he never expected to see them any more, and with two stalwart negro guards supporting him by each arm, all three started to the dock. As soon as they left the barracks, the guards commenced questioning him; wanted to know his name, and where he was from, and he told them; but it never occurred to him that anything was wanted of him but to go down to the dock to satisfy the morbid spleen, manifested at all times, when in the presence of the suffering prisoners, by the burly Stevedore. Instead of carrying him to the dock, where the ships were moored and loading, the guards carried him to an old dilapidated dock some hundred or more yards distant that was not in use. They started out on the tramway. The suspicions of the Private were now thoroughly aroused, and though emaciated and feeble, he knew that for a few minutes the sinews could put forth as much, if not more strength than the sound physical body, that is sometimes overloaded with a surplus to carry, and nerving himself for the final act; when they arrived at where they would attempt to part with him, he had made up his mind to grab one of them, and leap off of the dock into the briny-deep, and if he could not drown him, drown with him, thereby destroying one more foe to loved cause and country. But (he says) Deity ruled. Some half way out on the tramway, and before they reached the dreaded dock, suddenly the almost impenetrable darkness became as light as the noon-day sun; casting his eyes to either side at his affrighted supporters, whose guns were carried in their outer

hands, capped, half bent and bayoneted; looking up at them, around and then back at the mainland and discovered a large house on fire, whose top had just fallen in and the flames had suddenly shot into the air more than fifty feet in height, and in close proximity to the U. S. Coast Arsenal. Letting go the prisoner in consternation and dread, they rushed back to the mainland, exclaiming: Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! a great many times and as loud as they could yell it; that soon aroused the populace, fire department, etc., who soon arrived on the ground and extinguished it after some little trouble. At first the Private being left entirely alone in a heap on the floor of the tramway, bethought himself of adopting some mode of escape, but feeling the utter futility, he gave it up as useless and discovering a dilapidated "guard-stand" just to his right, he crawled into it to keep off as much as possible the cold drizzling rain that was now rapidly numbing his emaciated system. Praying fervently to his Creator in humility and gratitude for His watchful care over him in the past; and then from the depths of his innermost heart to forgive his persecutors and enemies and change their hearts toward him, and then in fervent hope, asking for such blessings as his beloved cause, country, loved ones and fellow creatures needed; fearing to ask for anything for self for fear it might prove a consuming fire; asking that His will be done, he fell to sleep to be awakened by the Grand Rounds soon after daylight, one of whom exclaimed: "Why hello, here's that fellow A. B. that escaped from the prison last night and set the town on fire!" "Hush," said the lieutenant in charge, "get him out of here." When two of them supporting him, without any resistance, led him out; when the lieutenant, seeing how feeble he was, spoke kindly to him, and asked him how he came there. He told the lieutenant the circumstances you have just read and the lieutenant seemed to believe him, but from the conversation among the guards as they went along scouted the idea, and looked upon him as the recreant, who actually had escaped and set the town on fire. The lieutenant carried him to the Mayor who in turn interrogated him, and he told the same story, when the lieutenant told the Mayor the prisoner had told him the same story. The Mayor asked him if he could prove where he was when the fire was discovered, and he told the Mayor that if the two guards would tell the truth, that he could prove it by them. The Mayor asked him if he could identify the guards if he would have the negro guards brought up there. He told him he thought he could. The Mayor then ordered them to be brought up there, and had them filed through the room, the prisoner told him (as the third or

fourth one filed in) that is one and he told the negro soldier to remain in the room. A great many more now passed through and the other one now came in, and he told the Mayor that was the other, when the Mayor told some deputies to take the witnesses out, and not let them converse with each other. Shortly having one brought in, he having him sworn, asked if he knew the prisoner and he told him yes. He then asked him if he knew where he was last night when the fire took place and before it took place. The negro then told him that he helped bring him down to the dock from the barracks, and that he was with him when the fire took place, and that he left him on the tramway to the old dock, and that after the fire there was so much excitement that he never went back to see what had become of him, and he was so afraid that the magazine might accidentally explode and blow up the whole dock and that part of town that he had actually forgotten him; and that the next thing he heard about him was that he had escaped from prison and it was supposed that he had set the town on fire; but that when that fire came down by the magazine, he knew he had not set that place on fire; and if he had fired any other portion of the town, he had done so after he had been turned loose. That the old Stevedore said that he was a mighty bad man, but that what little he had seen of the prisoner and his conversation with him, he was a better man than most of the Southern men; that he knew all about negroes, but that they were mistaken about him; that he was a working Southern man, and worked regularly along with the negroes and tried to teach them, and was kind to them and a good christian man; that he had watched and that he had never heard him utter an oath or a bad word of any kind; that he had heard him complain of his treatment, but had never heard him speak disrespectfully of his captors or abuse them, or the government. "Then you don't think they have got the right man; or that he would willfully mistreat the Southern slaves; in fact that you take him to be a gentleman and that he wouldn't stoop to do any harm to anyone or anyone's property?" "I knows the Southern people, and if he's a bad one, they are all bad." "Stand aside." The other witness was brought in, and when interrogated, he grinned and looked all around the room, and said: "Gemmen, dat prisoner's all right, he never set no town on fire. He's almost dead and if you don't do something for him he will soon be whar he wont trouble you any more. Dats a good man and a brave man, but he never done all dat meanness dey tell on him, no sar, you got the wrong man. Me nigger, but me risk him. Me risk dat man wid my wife or my dotter. What for you

cuss him, anyway ; I hear heap talk against him, but me watch him, and all de gards been watching him and de colored sojers would rather risk him dan any of dem prisners."

The Private thought that they would ask them what they were going to do with him, when they knew that he was so feeble and weak; but they dismissed the case; and he was sent back to the barracks. Being now thoroughly aroused to the fact that he was now more closely watched and guarded than any of the prisoners, and discovering the dislike or animosity manifested toward him, especially by the Stevedore, and having made the acquaintance of a merchant who lived there by the name of G. W. A., with whom he had several conversations, and who seemed kindly disposed; he asked him if he would get him released from constraint; (which he kindly did). He told the merchant after wandering around the Island for several days, seeking employment and not being able to find any, to please give him work; that he had not had anything to eat in four days; and that he wanted to work for him; that he wanted to mix and commingle with the Federals and learn who they were politically, socially and morally, and if they were a better people than the Southern people were, he wanted to know it; that he was young and that most of his life was before him, and the sooner he got on the right track in life, the better it would be for him; that he wanted his life to be useful, and not misspent; that he wanted to live for a purpose, and a good one; to please employ him, that he would, he hoped, never regret it. The merchant told him he feared to employ a rebel, that it might injure his business; that the war was now over, and the troops were being disbanded, and that his business was a very precarious one, and that he could employ all the help he wanted from among the Federal or Union element. The Private, whom we will now call "Novice," for convenience, told him that the rebel had to live as well as all others. He asked him what he could do; the Novice told him if he would show him what he wanted done, he would do it the best he could, and all he asked was to give him something to eat; and that as soon as he could he was going to return to his home and help his father, mother, sisters and brothers, and that they could help him, that from childhood he had been taught to work. Mr. A. told him that he had always heard that the Southern people could not, and would not work, that they made their slaves work. He told Mr. A. to try him and see whether he could work or not. Mr. A. said come, follow me, and carried him through his store and into the rear and said: "I want you to clean up this yard, and when you finish it, go to Mima, my cook, and tell her to give you something to

eat." The Novice looked at the heterogeneous mass of boxes pieces of boxes, barrels, hogsheads, pipes, crates, jugs, jars, demijohns, cans, etc., and in such vast quantities; that he feared he would give out before he could arrange and put them in order. He at once set about it, and placing all of a kind together and working rapidly from about 8 o'clock a.m. to 4 o'clock p.m. and finished up his work and was resting when Mr. A. came in who had also been gone all day. He walked all around and turning with his face beaming with approval, remarked: "You have done your work in a master's style and better arranged than if I had have ordered it. Have you had anything to eat?" "No sir." "Didn't you have lunch at noon," "No sir." "Go in and get something. Here Mima, have you got something you can give this young man to eat?" "Yes, sir. He looks like one of our people, Mr. A., he don't look like your people. I se speck I knows what he wants good as he does," and commenced setting different kinds of cold victuals upon the table. Pausing in silence for a moment to ask a blessing; as he and the old Aunty was left alone, she told him that she was the family cook at home, but that their home had been broken up and that the Yankees had brought her there, and that she didn't know where they took old master; that Mr. A. had been mighty good to her, and she spekt if he would hire him, he would be good to him. After he had guardedly eaten about half what he was accustomed to, he asked Mr. A. if he had anything else to do. Mr. A. asked him if he would take his two fine milch cows out on the sward every morning, and bring them back every evening, and watch the yard and keep it in order just as he had arranged it, so that whenever they wanted anything they could put their hands on it at a moments warning, and to go on errands when needed, and he attended to it for about two weeks; when, one Sunday morning Mr. A. received a very fine pair of bay mares, they were high strung, well developed, four year old, fiery animals. His drayman was a negro by the name of J—— G——; he and some others worked and worried with them for a while, but they would balk and then run away, and when they attempted to ride they would run away and throw them too; J—— G—— was also his milk man and a good one. J. G. now became dissatisfied and was going to leave. Mr. A. wanted his fine mares broke to work and to ride, and asked the Novice if he thought he could fill J. G.'s place; he told him that he had never milked any, that the women did the milking where he was raised; but that he would do the best he knew how; but that he believed he could break the mares to harness and saddle, too. So that evening when the cows

were milked, Mr. A. went out to see the Novice milk; the cows were perfectly gentle, but the Novice made a complete failure; the merchant laughed and told the Novice to look him up a milk man and that he would see what he could do with the mares. The next morning was Sunday, a bright beautiful morning. After driving the cattle to the sward, he told the merchant to let him select a saddle, girths, blanket and bridle. He told him all right; so selecting them and getting out the mares, the merchant and all his clerks came out to see the novice, or rebel as he was now called by all, prepare to mount and ride one of the wild mares. Handling one of them very gently, he succeeded in bridling and saddling one, when he asked one of the clerks to please open the folding gates and let him out; turning the mare's head toward the gate, placing his left foot in the stirrup, after reining it up by the left hand which rested on and firmly grasped the mare near the shoulder, placing his right hand on the cantel of the saddle, threw his right foot over and clear of her rump, and transferring his right hand to the pommel, he successfully seated himself firmly in the saddle; all of which was done in a flash, as was customary by one drilled by Wheeler's cavalry tactics. The mare bounded through the gate, and out into the street, and gently turning her head to the beach, she flew along it with so much ease, and so rapidly, that for the first time all simultaneously exclaimed, oh, he was a Southern cavalier and maybe you will never see him anymore. He was gone some time, and as he came leisurely riding back to the gate for admittance, the merchant, several ladies and gentlemen came out to greet and compliment him, but among them all, the old merchant distinctly showed he was the most highly pleased and wanted to know if she had acted ugly or had hurt him in any way. Unsaddling carefully, yet leisurely, petting her a little, he replaced her and her mate within their stalls, and went back to the store, where he was soon surrounded by all parties, who now seemed to take notice of him and to ask him many questions about the Southern people, their country, climate, habits, etc. He was wearing the suit of clothes woven by his sister, and made by his home tailor, with the brass Confederate buttons; he had washed, and patched the knees and elbows, and he looked, as he was, out of place in that select, polished, wealthy crowd, but he felt as good as anyone could among strangers and enemies. Merchants from the coast north and south bought wholesale bills from the merchant and he soon had more work than his clerks could do. In a short while after he took charge of the mares they would follow the Novice like a dog, and he could harness them and manage them with perfect

ease, and they seemed satisfied when in his presence and by putting small loads for them to draw at first, soon got them so they drew such big loads up Broadway that the merchants would pass comment on him and his team as they would pass along; such as, that rebel is no fool, that's the finest team in the city, that's the largest dray load ever went up Broadway. One day the store was crowded, and some goods had to be packed and shipped. When the merchant wanted the Novice to pack a crate of crockery, two clerks were then packing each a crate, asking the proprietor to show him how to pack the first layer, he went ahead and packed it as carefully as he could; all were shipped and in a few days notice was returned that one crate was badly damaged and the other two were all right. As they were numbered it was soon discovered that his crate went through all right. Again, on Saturdays there was always a big rush, and his merchant seeing he was up with his work, called to him to come and help them in the store, and placing him at the hand scales at the retail counter to sell coffees, teas, sugars, flour, meal, etc. An old fleshy black grandmama came and spying him, called out: "Here's a buckrah, Ise going to trade with him, he's one of our folks, he won't cheat me, come here all you niggers." The merchant was watching the clerk, and said: "Look out there aunty, that rebel will eat you." "Shucks, he's one of my people and he won't cheat me like you Yankees." He was so crowded waiting on them that he had to be relieved to let him eat lunch, and from that day, the merchant wouldn't let him out of the store during sale hours; but told him to hire a man in his place and that he must overlook the yard and team for him, as he knew best how they should be kept. One day while the store was visited by some nice coast merchants and also some few from the interior, the bookkeeper, who was a foreigner and who had made himself very friendly with the novice, was allowing a merchant who was settling his bills, so much for premium on gold. The novice was near and straightening up some goods, and heard the merchant tell the bookkeeper that there was so much gold, which the bookkeeper counted and found correct. He then counted and added the premium and told the merchant the amount; while that was going on, the Novice mentally ran it up and discovered that he and the bookkeeper differed, shook his head at the bookkeeper, the B. K. examined his work again and remarked that's all right; the Novice still shook his head. The B. K. settled with the merchant and he left. The merchant had noticed the whole proceeding and walking in front of the Novice said: "Sir, I don't allow my clerks to interfere with each other during business hours.

while waiting on customers; what did you mean anyhow?" Not wishing to expose the mistake of his newly made friend he tried to pass it evasively, and told the merchant he would try and not be guilty of such a breach of etiquette again. "But you persisted in it, why did you do it," The B. K.. seeing the dilemma his friend got into, came to his defense in these words: "Mr. G. W. A., he only thought I had made a mistake in my adding the premium to the gold the merchant paid and I reexamined my calculations before I settled. I am sure Mr. G. W. A. he didn't mean any harm." The merchant said: "Did you make it different from the B. K.? I noticed you were rearranging these goods. I didn't see you calculating it practically. Now why did you interfere?" "Mr. G. W. A. I thought that the B. K. made a mistake, I guess I made it." "Yes, but I want to know what you made the premium. If you make incorrect calculations, you may make mistakes in future and injure my business; and maybe the B. K., when not too busy, or I, will assist you to count premiums correctly. Now how did you count it and what did you make it?" The Novice then told him he had calculated it mentally several times and what he had made it each time. The merchant asked the B. K. what he had made it, when the B. K. stepped to his desk and handed the merchant the sheet of paper. Looking at the amount and seeing it differed from the Novice's, he went through the entire calculation, and seeing it calculated twice and the amount the same, he seemed satisfied; but seeing the difference made by the Novice was in his favor and amounted to \$137.00, he said: "Here, take the other side of this sheet and work it your way." The Novice then worked it, and it was the same he had made it mentally, and handed it to the merchant. He examined it and said it was correct. He then turned to the other side of the sheet and called to the B. K. who was now busy, and showed him the mistake: "My God! the Rebel was trying to protect my interests and I was so wrought up by his act, I was ready to dismiss him. Rebel you are right, we were wrong. Mercy, that is a right sharp loss." The Novice arose every morning between 4 and 5 o'clock and swept out the entire store alone so as to have it clean and ready to open at sun up, which was the usual time Mr. G. W. A. had his store opened, and closed at sun down. The Novice would also overlook the yard and stock, to see that they were all right, and just before retiring would examine everything to see all was right at bed-time. Early one morning after the store was open, Mr. G. W. A. called the Novice into a private room and asked the Novice to have a seat by him on the sofa. He wanted to

have a talk with him. You have been in my employ some time and all your comrades have been released from restraint, or most of them, and you have never asked for any pay; have never complained at anything I have asked you to do, whether arduous or easy. I have watched you and you have been the first to arrive every morning and the last to retire, and if you thought anything was going on wrong about any of my business, you have reported it to me, or if you could rectify it without annoying any of the household, or me, you have done so; otherwise you have reported it to me, the B. K. or the household. I have had men when you were sent on errands to watch your movements, have sent men to you to try and prevail on you to save out a little money for use, and all have been to no avail. Young man, you are a rebel and you don't deny it, and I notice you keep good company or none, and that all your spare moments you are studying, reading and trying to gain knowledge or information, you never mix with the licentious or lewd. You do not use profane language; you do not use intoxicants; you do not smoke, chew or snuff tobacco. You have had no money to spend nor have you asked me for any. You have worn the threadbare patched suit of Confederate gray, also the same hat and boots and have not complained. In fact you seem to be proud rather that you are an ex-rebel, though all your armies have disbanded and Mr. Davis and your generals are in prison. I have perhaps wronged you, but as you were a rebel I never denied it. I had to put you through the crucible, to test you, to see what you were composed of and I have found you almost perfect and always at your post and willing. Those who raised you, must have been a very moral, humane and refined family. Now I want you to select either out of my store or one of the stores in town an entire suit of clothing, underwear and a change of them, hat, shoes, collars, cravats, and handkerchiefs; go to the tailor and have them made to fit and when they are made come to me and I will foot the bill; and you can go to the barbers, have your hair trimmed and your face shaved, take an ablution, dress, shampoo and when you return; (let the articles be of good quality, together worth not less than forty dollars) report to me and I will introduce you to my family. Now I will date back your pay from the time you commenced work for me at \$25 per month and your board. With tears in his eyes the Novice thanked him, and told him he would continue to look after his interests as he had done in the past, and asked Mr. G. W. A. to please assist him in selecting the cloth to make the suit out of and his other things, and he told him to select so as to suit himself. So as the Novice was left to suit

his own taste, he noticed that the nicest merchants dressed in a very fine article of very dark marine blue; and thinking that would please the proprietor best, he purchased the articles used by the better class, and carried them to the tailor; who told him he was so crowded it would be a week before he could get them. As he was returning from the dock one day, where he had been sent to pay freight and wharfage, he passed a lady leading a little boy and girl, each by a hand, and an old negress accompanying them; seeing his Confederate suit, she spoke to him in a very refined and nice style, and asked him to please accompany her and her children, as all were going the same way, and asked him if he was not a Confederate, and he told her yes. She told him he looked like one, and she wanted to make some inquiries of him. She asked him if he knew one of the prisoners there by the name of Dr. G. He told her yes, and that he was still confined there, that when all the other prisoners were released on the first of June; he refused to take the oath and that he was still confined there; that he had gone to see him last Sunday, and that he was well. She asked him if he would go with her to the prison. He told her that he was working for a Mr. G. W. A., a very clever gentleman, and they would soon be there, and that he would take pleasure in introducing her to him, and that he thought he would let him go with her to the general commanding, and get a permit to go and see him. Mr. G. W. A. told him certainly he could go with her. When arriving at headquarters, he introduced her to the general and asked him if Mrs. G. could have an interview with her husband; and he said: "Certainly, Mrs. G., have a seat, and I will send up and have the doctor brought down here, and writing authority and sending it by the Novice to the guard to bring him down to the office. The doctor asked the Novice how she came to the Island, and he told him he did not know, but that he met her, her children and an old negress on the streets and got permission from Mr. G. W. A. to accompany them to headquarters, and that the general had them to remain there and sent for him. When the doctor entered the office there was the general, several other officers and men in the room. As Mrs. G. approached her husband near the center of the room leading her boy and girl, one by each hand, the doctor exclaimed: "Why, great God, where is my baby?" The now heart-broken wife, whose face a moment before was so radiant with joy at the sight of her husband, as she fell into her husband's arms, her beautiful eyes now all suffused with tears, audibly said: "Oh, Doctor, our house was burned and everything we had was destroyed, and all the servants but this old aunty who clung to me and

the children, were taken off and all the stock; no place left to shelter us and nothing left to eat; and having heard sometime ago that you were confined here; we tried to make our way here through the swamps on foot and our sweet, dear little baby sickened and died on the way we were so long coming; and aunty and I dug a little grave with sticks and our hands and buried it." Every face in that office was for a few moments bathed in tears of the deepest, death-like, pitying sorrow. When the general, weeping, kindly said: "Doctor, nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to restore you to your freedom and family, the war is all over, and nothing now to keep you from taking the oath and go free once more with your loved ones." The doctor said: "You have tried to humiliate me by working me under negro guards, and kill me by feeding me on pickles and musty meal, and I have fattened on your dam grub, and now your armies have burned my home and took off all my servants and property, and when my wife and children were wandering in the swamps, accompanied by our faithful old servant, my little pure, innocent infant has died and was buried in the swamps. No sir, I will not take that oath, but I tell you what I will do, I will take my wife and children and go to France and leave your damn government." The general said: "Turn him loose, he is crazy anyhow." That poor novice said as he looked then on that scene, he felt as if he hadn't done his duty, or things might have been different. That he looked to his Creator for divine guidance, and he was fearful he was too lenient; when the Creator had placed it in his power to have dealt a hard blow at some of his leading adversaries; and one or two bold efforts on his part might have changed every aspect of that bloody conflict; and given freedom to his beloved Southland, and the negro problem worked out some other and a better way in the great plan of his Creator, and to the interest of all parties concerned. He says he continually prays even unto this day, for forgiveness, for past errors both of omission and commission, for future guidance, but above all, that his beloved Creator's will be done in all things. To forgive his enemies and persecutors and to change their animosities into friendliness and their persecutions into tenderness, and may the accumulated information of his advanced years, be so wisely dispensed, that it may counterbalance his past errors in the moral vineyard of his Sovereign Lord and Master. As the Novice accompanied by the faithful, patriotic, sad and sorrowful doctor and family were returning to his place of business the doctor asked his beautiful wife: (For in the eyes of that Novice she seemed a veritable angel on earth. What conju-

gal loyalty in her superhuman act to reach her true, devoted yet patriotic husband; and his bones, and his wife's, his infant's and that devoted, faithful negress should rest beneath or in one grand mausoleum to commemoate Southern fidelity, Southern patriotism and Southern sacrifice; and if could be a statute of each with their names in letters of gold inscribed thereon, and to make the scene complete the bones of that gallant, generous noble-hearted general, who fearlessly said: "Turn him loose," (throwing the mantel of charity over the whole sad scene, too sacred for earth, "he's crazy anyhow") should rest under or in another grand mausoleum, and his statue with his name inscribed thereon in letters of gold; and if his could, as it should, be near the others, they should be connected with one grand arch and inscribed thereon in letters of gold "Patriot," as if two patriots had met, one at either end of the arch; above and between should be set in diamonds, "Brotherly Love," for in the halo of that supreme moment it was indellibly written there.) "Have you any money, or anything we can realize any money out of just now?" And she placing her pretty hands in her plump bosom, drew therefrom her bridal gift, the most beautiful watch he had ever beheld, and placed it in her sad husband's hand. Turning it over and looking at the sacred relic he said: "We do not wish to part with it; but we can pawn it and redeem it." And turning to the Novice, said: "Can't you pawn it for us?" He told them he would do the best he could, and told them where they could find a place to stay among some Southern friends, but not so refined and cultivated as they were and it wouldn't be so costly. Handing him the costly relic, and thanking him kindly for what he had done, they parted; he for the store, and they for the cheap boarding house. Arriving at the store, he related what had taken place and exhibited the watch to the proprietor, and he taking his glasses examined it very minutely, told him to go to the different pawn shops and find the greatest amount it could be pawned for, also the greatest amount any of them valued it at, take down the different amounts and bring them to him. All of the pawn shops said it was the finest watch they ever examined; that they were at a loss to know its value, but they could not advance more than a tenth of its intrinsic value. Returning to the store and reporting to the proprietor, he asked what the doctor said it cost and to the best of his recollection he told him he said it cost \$1,350.00. So counting out \$135.00, he sent it forthwith to the doctor by the Novice, with instructions that he had advanced the money, and would take good care of it until he redeemed it. The doctor said he had done as well as he could expect and

they would leave on the first steamer for France. Bidding them good-bye, he never saw them again. As all the mail routes in the South were destroyed and the Novice could not communicate with his home, he had written to an uncle in Kentucky, if he could help him to please send him some means and he sent him \$20.00 and receiving it in a letter he carried it to the proprietor to keep for him, and if he needed it at any time, or any of it to use, he could call on him for it, so that in case he purchased anything he would know where the money came from. It was now time to go to the tailor's and get his suit, so asking the proprietor the evening before and telling him his suit was ready, he told him to go early next morning and get it, go to the barber's have his hair cut, shave, take an ablution, dress, shampoo, and at noon come with the B. K. (Mr. B.) to dinner. When he had finished making his toilet, and was shampooed and hair dressed and put on his hat, all new and fit to a t, the barber dusting the hat, new suit and shoes off, stepped in front of him to see if all fit to suit, exclaimed: "Not a soul in this city will know you." Settling with him and walking out onto Broadway, not a person recognized him as he passed along, and he walked into Mr. G. W. A.'s store; when the B. K. came to meet him and offered his hand and a chair; asked where he was from. He told him Alabama. "Ah! indeed, you are the first gentleman we have had to call on us from so far. Did you come up by steamer?" "Certainly as the railroads have not yet been repaired." "What part?" "North." "Do you wish to purchase any goods while in the city?" "I do not know yet, I may go farther." "If you do, this is only a branch house, and if you go as far as New York, we will be glad to give you an introduction to our main house. Oh, by-the-by, we have a young man with us from Alabama. Quite a nice young fellow from T. Perhaps you know his people they have been in public life for some time. O, Mr. H., where is Mr. A. B.?" "I do not know, Mr. G. W. A. sent him off somewhere this morning." "He is a thorough going, industrious, moral young man; but a terrible rebel. I reckon if we had of been in his shoes we would be just as bad. He says all of his people voted union or co-operation, that they were not secessionists, but says he is a rebel and takes up for his cause all the time and argues it from every stand-point, and quotes the Bible on any and all occasions to support slavery; and if you allow him to argue from a moral or political stand-point, and decide according to the Bible, he'll down you every time. We all like him because he is so honest, and he has a cause for everything, and to hear him tell how the Federals acted in his country, we respect more than if he

run down his cause; for really, Mercy! haven't they fought hard and long for their cause. It must be hard to give it up. I am a Norwegian and haven't been in this country long, and I really like that fellow, I wish he was here." The Novice now told him who he was, and breaking into a laugh said: "Mr. A. told me to bring you to dinner with me that he was going to introduce you to his family. You have talked time and again to all of them in the store, and they all know the old rebel; but no one will know you now, and Mr. A. has been playing some capital jokes on all of us, and I want to get even with him. Now let me introduce you to Mr. A. and he'll introduce you to the rest; now keep your features straight and change your voice a little and we'll have some fun at his expense. He won't get mad, he likes a good joke capitally and he likes to play one, he used me up the other day, and I want to get even with him. Going in to dinner they were all seated around the table and Mr. A. at the head. Mr. B. introduced the Novice as Mr. F. from T, Ala. He was then introduced to each one at the table. Mr. A. was a very excitable, quick motioned, elderly gentleman, seldom looking one in the face and then only a quick searching look as he first met anyone. After which he seemed always to be occupied. After asking a great many questions about Alabama which were answered punctually by the stranger, he all of a sudden seemed to think about the rebel, and thoughtfully asked: "Where did you say you were from?" When he was answered from T. "Why Mr. B., isn't that where our young man is from? Do you know any of the B.'s there?" "Yes sir, several." "What kind of a family are they? Are they wealthy or in public life in any way?" "They are plain common people, are in moderate circumstances and some have been and are now engaged in public businesses, they were union or co-operationists and opposed to the war; but many of the union families are in the army, in fact all that are liable for military duty, for their state passed the act of secession, the better class go with their state. In fact two-thirds of the county where he was from voted union, and the companies are principally made up out of union men and their sons. They do not dislike the American union, but for some time they feel as if they were fighting for their property since Mr. Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, and to turn the slaves all loose at once it will envolve a great political revolution or upheaval, the results of which few can foresee, as many states have more slaves than free-men, and the Caucasian will hardly submit to being ruled by even a lower class in his own race, and never will brook or submit to being ruled by an inferior and uncultivated race."

"Mr. B. didn't I tell you to bring him to dinner with you, where is he? Send out and bring him in if he's got back, I like the young man anyhow. While his people were union, he's a well posted very firm boy or man. If all the men in the rebel army were like him the war wouldn't be over now. By jove I'd hate to meet that fellow in battle, he is so honest and firm; it takes odds to overcome such men. You tackle him for an argument now and he differs with you, he'll surely down you, for his convictions are invariably well weighed and correct. Where is he? Bring him in." About that time it was announced that he could not be found, and he smiled. There was a young widow G. from Massachusetts who would go in the store almost every day and talk a while with the rebel and watched him like a hawk and when he smiled she clapped her hands and exclaimed: "Mr. A. that's Mr. A. B.. Oh, don't he favor my little girl and she favored her papa so much; why isn't he handsome." Mr. A. said: "Awe, 'pshaw! B that's some of your work," and the whole table roared. Compliment after compliment followed until the poor Novice's patience was worried bowing acknowledgements. Mr. A. seem to take great pleasure in introducing him to his friends, and especially the U. S. officers stationed there, and invariably would say: "Allow me to introduce my young rebel friend, Mr. A. B. of Alabama." When all seemed anxious to hear him talk and asked a thousand and one questions about the country, and as the Novice was well informed, they invariably, when after business hours or on Sunday sought his company. But the Novice was fond of study, and when at leisure would spend his time reading and studying; he soon formed the acquaintance of a Mr. G. L. D., of Mass., who was a vegetarian and an extreme abolitionist; and finding that the Novice was fond of study, invited him to his office, that he had some nice books and that he would let him have them to read. The Novice called at his office, and accompanied by Mr. G. W. A., when Mr. G. L. D. going to his library took a book and handed it to the Novice. Looking at the title, the Novice told him he had read that. What, where did you read that? At home. It was Uncle Tom's Cabin. Then taking down the White Slave, handed it to him, when he told him he had read it on the picket line in middle Tennessee. He said: "What! why we are told that you Southern people make bonfires of such books, how can you read them and knowing them to be true; own a slave and look your fellow men in the face." "All of the intelligent Southern people know those books to be overdrawn; and if there should be such a case near them: they would look after their amelioration as quick, if not quicker than you will after the poor

poverty stricken fellow creatures sufferings and wants in your section of the U. S.; penury and want are not known in our section, but we feared it would be if the slaves were freed, that as it was, their real wants were supplied and that they were allowed many liberties and pleasures; that the working classes in other countries could never enjoy." He then handed him Baldwin's Practical Thought, and he told him he would like to read that. Mr. D. told him to take it along. He soon read it and found it to be good moral food. He then gave him Pemberton's and May's discussions on Unitarianism and trinitarianism. After he had read it carefully, Mr. D. asked him his opinion of the discussion and he told him if we consider the Bible true that Mr. May had the advantage in the discussion, but if not the unitarian had. He gave him Hare's works then to read, which was really entertaining also A. J. Davis. He studied them closely, so one Sunday afternoon he was invited into Mr. A.'s private office and being invited to lounge on a sofa and Mr. A. occupying one and Mr. G. L. D. occupying another. First one and then the other put question after question to him in regard to the authenticity of the Bible, all of which the Novice took in good part and with works formerly read and being very well posted he simply answered logically: after they had expended their thunder, he having weighed well all the store of knowledge he had accumulated he would like to ask some questions. They told him certainly. He told them he would like to compare the two religions and see which would stand the test the best; to live and then to die by or with as a final ending of this life. Your religion teaches you that if you live a good moral life in this world that when you die, you only temporarily die, and in eternity your soul or the immortal part will live corelatively in a future state, but that while here one should go on improving their morals here, so that in a future state they would go on improving there. Yes. Now it also teaches if you live a low, degraded, vicious life here, that in future you will live a low, degraded, vicious future life. Now you acknowledge that such a man did live as Christ, and that all the morals that he taught and all the morals taught by the great, good and grand men of earth, who have lived and died, such as the patriarchs of the Bible, the rulers, generals and leaders down to Napoleon, the pope, bishops, Cromwell, Washington and Mr. Lincoln, who done even more than Christ had done, laid down his life to elevate a race far his inferior, we should cultivate, and if possible improve. Now you claim that all nature teaches, and it is generally conceded that there is a future state, and that there is a God. But the idea that Christ is the son of God, and

that there is a heaven and a hell, and that there was future reward and punishment, were silly and perfectly absurd. Especially absurd that God had ever communicated with man directly. Now you acknowledge that the Bible claims that it is the word of God; that it teaches that Christ is the son of God; that it teaches you that here is a heaven and a hell; that if one lives a pure, upright, good life here and believes in the plan of salvation as taught by Christ; he may enjoy heaven or a state of eternal happiness and if one does not believe and violates all of the plan of salvation and commits sins of all kinds as enumerated, that he will be forced into suffering the torments of hell, which is a spiritual death; as belief in Christ and salvation through him is a second birth, or a spiritual life. Now I want to make the application in my own simple way. Now I am a christian and I am going to die, as I have lived, a pure, good life, and your religion is correct, when I die I will go in futurity cultivating purity and goodness; but if my religion is right, I will be eternally blessed. Now in either case I receive the blessings that follow a unitarian or trinitarian religion. Now you are a unitarian and you are going to die; if your religion is correct you will enjoy the relative blessings in futurity, if you live a pure and upright life here; but suppose you have lived a pure, upright life here, yet have denied Christ and his teachings, and his religion is correct; what will become of you? For a moment there was a death-like silence broken by Mr. G. W. A., who said: "Mr. D. I am near seventy-two years old and I have lived and done business twenty years in New York, twenty years in Rio Janeiro and ten years in Liverpool and I have heard the best divines of earth, and this young man has logically produced the best argument in favor of the christian religion I have ever heard. Ah me! thirty years ago I was a christian and a steward in the Presbyterian church, now I am drifting like a bark without a rudder; what will become of me?" The subject of religion was only continued in mute silence; and the Novice does not recollect that the subject of religion was ever broached again. The poor Novice while he thus reasoned, and was raised a christian and continually prayed for to be led in the right path, has always felt a void that never can be filled; and he tearfully asks the prayers of every one who reads this, and he wishes me to state that he tries to sincerely pray for them and all mankind. As the Novice had broken the nice span of mares to ride and work, Mr. A. asked him to please on the Sabbath to accompany him or any of his family when they wanted to go riding in their nice carriage, as he was afraid to risk the family or himself with anyone else; and the

Novice told him nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be permitted to enjoy their society, or those that visited his family. He also told the Novice that when the team were not in use he could have them to drive any of the young ladies of his acquaintance, and he thanked him warmly for the privilege. Especially none other were offered such privileges. One day Mr. W. G. W. quite a distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts was visiting him and as usual he introduced the Novice to him as Mr. A. B., my young rebel friend of Alabama. The Novice said he found him to be such a nice polished and refined gentleman, never using any but the most refined, polished language, and always speaking in the most courteous manner of all distinguished people of every faith, creed or nationality, so much so that it was a real treat to be in his company. Mr. A. had three hundred thousand fine Havana and Cuban cigars; so as the Novice did not use tobacco in any way he gave him the task of assorting and examining them; not only to see that the shipment was all right; but that in case they had any orders to fill, that they would not only be ready but convenient for shipment. So one day during the stay of the distinguished Dictionarian or linguist, the Novice was very busy, yet still as a mouse and Mr. A. and Mr. W. were in his office close by, and the door was open, and he distinctly heard Mr. A. tell Mr. W. if young A. B. would stay with him until he thoroughly understood business, he would set him up with a nice stock of at least thirty-five thousand dollars worth at some good point; that if he had a fault he had not discovered it; that he had set several young men up in business and all had done well. Mr. W. told him that was very commendable in him, and as he had been some with him, and had been introduced as your young rebel friend, he had taken particular notice of him, and that he had seen many fine, elegant ladies and gentlemen from the South, and the mere fact of his being a rebel and coming from the South, was a good indication that he was from among the better classes of his section.

One Sabbath Mr. A. told his rebel friend that several distinguished abolitionists were going to dine with him, and that they were nice gentlemen, and he wanted him to meet them and to be sure to be there at dinner. Nothing was spared to make it a nice affair. After all had met Mr. A. as usual introduced Mr. A. B. as his young rebel friend of Alabama, and that he had come among them to learn who they were politically, socially and morally, that if he had been misinformed that he wanted to know it, and as he was young, the sooner he found it out the better it would be for him.

The distinguished parties he named in order as they sat around the table, Hon. Wm. L. G., Hon. Geo. T., of England, Miss L. and Miss G., of one of the New England states, Gen. L., of New York, Mrs. G., of Massachusetts, Mr. Wm. H. H., of Ohio, Mr. G. L. D. and Mr. D., of Mass., Miss F. A. and Mr. B., of Hilton Head, he supposes, Mr. A. and A. B. constituted the gathering and the time of dinner was 6:00 p. m. Many were the questions asked of the young Alabamian. Finally Hon. Wm. L. G. asked the young Alabamian: "You acknowledge that the negro is superior to the white man physically?" He told him he did not. "Why most all of our intelligent white men concede that. Well you acknowledge that the white man is superior to the negro mentally? He did. You acknowledge that it takes a strong physical organization to support a large, active, healthy, mental capacity? He told him colossal minds were frequently found on small and diminutive people, such, for instance: Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, and T. O. Summers, of Massachusetts. Oh, yes, there are such cases, but generally speaking. Well, now, admitting these things to be so, if you amalgamate the races it will produce a superior race. The Alabamian told him it was not right to take the Southern negro who had been cultivated physically for many generations in the Southern States, and compare him to his master physically, who had been cultivated principally, mentally. That the proper way to compare the races was to take them in their native state, where they were first found, and compare them there. The Caucasian in the Caucasus Mountains in Asia, between the Black and Caspian seas, where, according to Anthropology the Caucasian or White Race is found in its primitive or pristine state, where the men are the most active, best physically developed, finest featured, handsomest men and women in an uncultured state found on earth, and from whence the European and all of the white race wherever found have sprung. The African or negro race seems to have come from the interior of Africa, and in their native element, are less physically or mentally developed, are not so graceful or handsome; are by nature gross, savage, anthropophagi, lecherous, filthy, kinky-headed, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, strong-smelling, even so much so that the Indian or American race, which, in their native state, is quite offensive to the white race, cannot bear their smell. Now, this is the proper place to compare the races, and do not take the best cultivated and groomed, out of their native haunts and cultivated by the highest type of civilization in the world, the wealthy white American, that has gathered refinement through the means of his wealth from every part of the globe, and by

mixing and commingling as servant and master, the closest relation on earth, except the marital, has raised them to a higher type of civilization than they have ever risen before. A Miss L., a beautiful girl, then said: Why, Mr. A. B., I had rather marry a cultivated, well to do negro that would take care of me and give me a position in society, than to marry an illiterate, worthless white man that had no influence and could not take care of me, and would rather drag me down in life. Miss L., if sitting by your side there was an African princess and inheriting the finest and wealthiest principality of Africa, bedecked from head to foot with the costliest rubies, diamonds and gems of all kinds of her country, and possessed of all of the charms of her own race, her broad distended nostrils, her piercing, lustrous black eyes, her large, luscious, thick lips, her kinky, cultivated, thick, matted, wooly, hair; and possessed of a native aroma, that, when the wind was favorable, that he could detect her august presence one hundred or more yards and she were sitting there in her native loveliness, uncultivated, and even a fallen angel, and he had to choose between her or the princess to be his companion and helpmeet in life, he would take her. Her beautiful face became suffused in recurrent blushes, and trying to hide her lovely face in her beautiful lily white hands exclaimed: Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I don't know; which he answered: But *I know!* The table just roared and Mr. A. remarked: That is the best thing I ever heard uttered by a Rebel gentleman. You can't force social equality or miscegenation on those Southern people; if it ever comes, it will have to come gradually. The novice felt that their freedom as it was termed, was only a misnomer. They would only become political slaves to the greed and avarice of a superior race; which, when becomes common property, would receive little sympathy, as thousands of the inferior and unfortunates of his own race, as no value is involved, no care or interest is bestowed. So far as the golden rule was concerned, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," was never observed among those of their own race, much less those of another race, and if done was simply phrasical. If we find one unnaturally interested about anything, trace it up, and in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, it would be for reward, grievance or wrong, and the hundredth might be pure and unselfish. In alluding to Mr. Davis, they invariably called him the "arch traitor." On hearing it, the Novice had the temerity to tell them that Mr. Davis was far from being an "arch traitor," that he was a Union Democrat, but a strict pro-slavery man, and that he was selected and run as such, to conciliate the pro-slavery Union element, and yet at the same

time as he was the grandest exponent of African slavery in Congress, that he would also draw the secession, or as it was sometimes termed the Fire-eating element; the last the most extreme of all southern political elements. That Mr. Wm. L. Yancey of Alabama, or Robert Toombs, of Georgia might be correctly dubbed "arch traitors," but his opinion was, from what he could see of either one of those two men; and their policy had have been carried out the war would not, nor could not have lasted two years. For gentlemen, in all candor, they were aggressive, and if the Southern people had have made them their standard bearers; when the Southern arms were victorious at Manassas, there were fresh troops and officers ready to march into Washington City, and those two men wanted it taken, and your President captured, and as many of his ilk as could be found; call for reinforcements, march on Philadelphia, and the calling again for reinforcements, and each time furnishing the reinforcements with the arms, accoutrements, and provisions, of the vanquished and routed armies; would have captured New York and dictated terms of peace. I doubt if the war would have lasted three months. Mr. Davis & Co.'s policy whipped the South and saved the North from invasion and defeat. The little widow kept shaking her head at him to stop, and General L. of New York laid down his knife and fork, and directly he was the focus of all eyes at the table, and raising his eyes just as he had delivered his views, he caught the widow's, who was stamping her feet and striking the handle of her knife on the table to draw his attention. Gentlemen, I mean no harm; I am stating truth, that I was there, and it was the only policy by which the South could hope to win; for as the North was vacillating and tardy, thousands would have joined the victorius army, as history proves they ever have done, in either case when it was all over; the Union would have been preserved, but African slavery would have lasted longer. Why do you think so, young man, asked Mr. D. Because, the wealthiest man in his section, the last time he was at home, and got him another horse, said, Why, let us go back into the Union and save our property; and, gentlemen, you may think strange of it, but I have watched the war all the way through, and I particularly watched every movement made by Mr. Lincoln, and his cabinet, and every stroke was at or against African slavery, and I then and there told him so; and he said, Oh, no! All Mr. Lincoln and the Northern people want is to preserve the Union. He told him he was a better Union man than Mr. Lincoln was; that the United States Constitution was pro-slaery, and that he was; and that he had found out when in Kentucky that beyond a doubt Mr. Lincoln was

not only an abolitionist, but a radical, which is diametrically opposed to "constitution." He says that expression now brought out Mr. Wm. L. G., who delivered himself thusly: Young man, you are correct, and I am glad you are learning so rapidly Mr. Lincoln's true principles. Mr. Lincoln was a kind, humane, good man by nature; he held no religion or creed; was anti-Masonic; what he done was from the purest of motives. Forty-two years ago he, I, and fifteen others met in the little town of Chicago, and took the oath never to lay down our principles until every negro was freed in the United States and placed upon an equality with the white race, politically, socially and morally, and we are carrying those principles out, and it is a mere matter of time, and that a short time, when there will be no difference made between the two races. Mr. Lincoln has sealed it, with his blood. He has done more for that poor, deluded, down-trodden, miserable race, than Christ did. He laid down his life to elevate a race far his inferior. This now brought out Mr. G. T., of England, who delivered himself thusly: I came to this country forty-two years ago, and I sowed the seeds of abolitionism; I come back today an old, hoary-headed man, just tottering upon the verge of the grave to behold its fruits, and extended both arms out over the table. All of this was said in a cold, indifferent manner. Seemingly to the Rebel, not one word of regret expressed for the untold sufferings of a mighty nation, in the throes of travail during the birth of the political mongrel or hybrid offspring, which, if really carried out, will sink this mighty Caucasian Republic to a degradation worse than befell "Pure Castile, Proud Spain," after it was over-run by the Saracens and Moors, a thousand times to be preferred to the mongrel offspring offered by the soulless British radical; caught up and accepted by the damnable radical element, sired by the gratifications of the passions of a Caucasian by a negress; which, when severely rebuked, turned to a hatred, that has cankered and gangrened until it threatens the life of the most colossal Republic of the earth at this time. Not one word of regret was expressed by any one. But that Rebel, in that supreme moment, vowed that the American Republic should be saved from such a fate. He looked first at one, then at the other, to see, if perchance, in those features he could trace some mongrel; if there was, it was so nearly Caucasian he could not detect it, but in mute silence he sat for a moment, and wondered if it was real; did he sit face to face with two Radicals, who gloated over the fact that their hellish purposes were accomplished, and who cared not if it had cost more than a million of male lives of the purest and best blood of this Republic; and untold mil-

lions of treasures; all, too, adults, to free about one-half a million adult male slaves. How much easier to have purchased them and colonized them, like the poor aborigines. Today, though poor, he says he would not take anything for the relief his conscience felt for what it had done, and to be enlightened to try and guard his fellows both white and black, against the contamination forbidden by nature, and will prove the destruction of both races.

Professor Agassiz, of the Parisian Faculty, in his treaty on Anatomy, has discovered 800 distinct differences between the white and negro races; and as it has been thoroughly tested, that the fourth generation of Mulattoes runs out, and will not reproduce a Mulatto, it simply shows that Deity has intended that man shall not interfere with His work, and has said, thus far thou shalt go and no farther, but as they will gradually reproduce, by intermarriage with the full bloods of either race, until they are absorbed (while a great many mixed bloods will result where the races commingle), still there will be two distinct races, and we need not trouble about it one way or the other; and the only danger that can result, the infraction of God's law might bring unforeseen and untold curses. While undoubtedly it is prudent and right to pray that His will be done, as it is done in Heaven, which evidently means (that where all is pure and there is no guile), it is done right; therefore, to receive the full measure of His blessing, we should (looking unto Him for guidance) make an effort to do right.

It had now been near ten months since the Rebel had heard from his home, and the Federal papers had many accounts of Wilson's raid through Alabama, and he was anxious to return to those he loved and among those with whom he was raised. It seemed from all accounts he could reach a point nearer home by public conveyance, by going by the way of New York to Kentucky to his uncle's, and proceed through Tennessee into North Alabama, and then on to his home. He asked Mr. A. as business was growing dull and the summer was well advanced if he would see the General and get him a pass, and he very kindly did so, and told him when he arrived home and had met them all; that if he could and would return, a place would always be ready for him. He then received a letter of introduction to the S. family of New York, and when he told his new-made friends good-bye, and especially Mr. A., they both burst into sobs of heart-felt grief, and two tried friends, one a Federal and the other a Rebel, parted, and they never met any more. He took the trip to New York on the largest and staunchest side-wheel ocean steamer that since the destruction of the Adriatic, that

plowed the Atlantic. They traveled for four consecutive days out of sight of land, and he was not sick a moment; the weather was beautiful, and the trip delightful. They traveled principally on the gulf stream, making according to the log-book about 14 nautical miles, about 16 2-3 statute miles per hour, so he was told. He saw many sea gulls, and old Mother Cary's chickens, and many flying fish, sitting for hours on the prow of the great ship (named in honor of Robt. Fulton, who built the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic). The dimensions of the great ship were: 375 feet long, 40 feet beam or across, and 32 feet hold, was a five decker, and the wheels were 40 feet in diameter and 10 foot paddles). He would watch the porpoises as they would play ahead of the prow and sport in many gyrations and contortions, and occasionally a shark would appear among them, when they would leap out of the water, seemingly, to give themselves an impetus, and die out of sight in the clear liquid blue depths. The scintillations and coruscations produced by the rebounding sprays of the briny liquid as the mighty copper keel plowed through and cleaved the ocean's surface, was perfectly entrancing, at times engaging for hours the attentions of the old Tars who would collect at night around the friendly old Rebel, who, though but a poor singer, would ask him to sing them some Southern songs, many of which he had learned, to while away his moments during leisure, and sometimes when at work, and seemingly not disturbing any one. The fourth morning as the heavy fog lifted they came in sight of land, and as the mighty ship moved into the beautiful harbor, the dismantled masts looked like some great Southern plantation cleared, and the tall pines deadened and left standing for years more than anything he could liken it to. The metropolis, as its minarets, towers and cupolas stood out in bold relief in the clear, bracing morning air, and in striking contrast with the monotonous, limitless ocean, and the only relief that he could recollect of any importance, was, when they were rounding Cape Hatteras, and the whales were sporting still further out to sea, or in an easterly direction. Spray after spray were sent up many feet into the air, and above the surface of the water, like miniature pictures of geysers, and on inquiring of the old Tars, they told the Rebel that it was a school of whales and grampuses. It at time was really beautiful, the grampuses as they made their leaps and curvatures in the air, and the reflection of the sun causing variegated colors. One could watch them in their sports for hours and not get tired. Several schools of grampuses visited the big ship as it plowed along around the cape, and the waters looked so much more troubled than anywhere else on the trip, he asked

if there had been a storm out at sea, and the sailors told him that in rounding the cape that the weather was as calm and beautiful as they had ever experienced. As soon as the mighty ship was lashed to the pier, and the gangway fixed, several ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers disembarked first and went to the consulate and had their papers inspectd, and all were correct, when they visited several parts of the city, after leaving their satchels and trunks at the Western Hotel, where they made their headquarters during their stay in the city. Next day he visited the family that he bore the letter of introduction to. Mr. S. introduced him to his two beautiful and accomplished daughters, Misses F. and G. J. The latter telling him that he was her guest and that she would take great pleasure in showing him over the city and introducing him to some of her intimate friends. So calling about 10 o'clock A. M. the entire balance of the day was taken up in visiting different parts of the city, and then at night the dress circle theatre, never going he particularly noticed, to any other. At first he thought it gallant and right to pay their fare, but in every case, the car or bus and theatre fares, when he offered to pay them, he was smilingly told they were settled, and she would graciously bow. When he ventured to ask the reason, and she told him Papa settled all their bills by the month, and his fare was included. He told her she would soon tire of him at that rate. Oh, wait till she manifested an indifference, would be time. He told her his cause was lost, and he felt a delicacy in obtruding himself in her presence. Oh, your letter of introduction satisfies us, sir, on that point. Then you consider an ex-rebel suitable as a companion? Most assuredly. From that time on, not an allusion to the past was ever made, and their conversation was of the most refined and chaste nature, as between a brother and sister, at home in their elegantly furnished parlor, where, on returning from any of their visits, the sister was always there to receive them, when he and the sister would relate all the little incidents of the visit, that seemingly was as interesting to the sister that remained at home, as things that transpired at home when related by her, were equally interesting to them. They were city girls; modest, neither bashful nor rash, and he wondered how they were thus trained in that great city. The parks, museums, theatres, ice cream parlors, and on the bay, and everywhere a living mass of humanity, of every phase and walk in life. The maimed, the halt, the lame and the blind. The millionaire and the proletaire. The Patrician and the plebian—all of which, frequently could be taken in at a glance, and the thought, Oh, how different in that beautiful Southern valley in which he was reared, and his soul

panted after the beautiful rustic scenes of his boyhood's sunny hours, where all was so peaceful, quiet and happy; no squallor, no want, no malice, all peace, quiet and plenty.

There was no contentment, not even in that great Metropolis for that restless Rebel; he must be busy to be satisfied, if it was counting peas one by one and hearing them drop on a piece of taught rawhide. The monotony was soon as great as that on the ocean. He soon learned to love the society of those two sweet sisters as a brother.

A brother's love, who can tell. Unfettered by the love-bound spell, of some sylvan nymph, and as a brother to tear it, it was cruel, but cruel fate impelled him forward. Both were gifted, natural and cultured musicians, instrumentally and vocally, and as he was fond of music, he asked them to please go to the piano, or use the guitar, as his sisters were wont to; when they were in a musical mood, and all of them would enjoy the music better. In after years he frequently saw accounts of a Miss E. J. S. among the star performers of New York, and though the youngest was equally gifted, he never saw her name there, and he often wondered whether she married, or had preceded her sweet sister to the beautiful dreamland of the blessed. Bidding his new-made sister a fond good-bye, and the kind parent, as well as some Confederate companions, he went up the beautiful Hudson to Albany and took in its beautiful scenery, and there taking the New York Central to Buffalo; he passed over some beautiful, fertile country, and meeting with many nice young men on the train who begged him to stop over with them, and to remain a month with them, and that they would make it a point to introduce him to their families and friends, and that they were satisfied they could make his stay pleasant and perhaps profitable, and if they had fought valiantly for what they thought was right, they did not think the less of them for it; and really they were so kind, that it covered up much of the mistreatment he had actually experienced. As they were passing through the open prairie country between Rochester and Buffalo it snowed, and it was the first time he ever saw it snow in the summer, but since that time he has seen it snow and frost every month during the year. He then took the Erie road to Cleveland, Ohio. As they skirted the shores of the beautiful lake, many Ohio boys gathered around him and invited him home with them. On the train was a young lady traveling with her father and mother. As the Rebel's eyes met her's, the glance seemed reciprocal, which was noticed by those around, when in a pleasant manner, one of the young men, who knew the young lady, told him he would see the young lady and her parents, and if it was agreeable, which

he thought it would be, from what had transpired after he had entered the car, he would introduce him. He told them that as he was an unfortunate Rebel, that he felt that she would rather spurn than accept his company. All spoke in the highest praise of the Confederate soldiery, and seemingly manifested the purest of friendship, for which he kindly thanked them and told them to visit him in Alabama. He says, to him, she seemed the most beautiful being he ever beheld, but without a home, a country, and a cause, he had no courage to seek an introduction.

At Cleveland he found a nice city, and the finest passenger depot, at that time in the United States, or said to be. He then passed through Oberlin, Dayton, Columbus and Cincinnati. The entire country seemed prosperous, densely populated and well cultivated, and no sign of war going on anywhere. He then crossed the Ohio to Covington, and took the cars for Lexington, where for the first time since he was imprisoned. He felt like he was among homefolks, and many though strangers, welcomed him back to Dixie. For were not Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware the only true Union States in the Union, though there were some abolitionists, and a few secessionists in all four of them. The anti-slave states had lived at all times, violating the proslavery clause of the Constitution. Again, if one accepted the Christian religion, it taught slavery, and the true relation that should at all times govern their duties to each other, the master to the slave, and the slave to the master. After leaving the railroad and taking the stage to Richmond, where he had an own cousin living. The stage was full of young ladies and the top was covered with Federal soldiers: the Rebel was the only passenger, except them on top. There were several officers among them, and the noise of the stage and the team of six or more horses as they moved rapidly over the beautiful glazed pike, made quite a noise, so on top to distinctly hear each other, they would have to speak loudly. When the young ladies soon discovered that there was an ex-Confederate on top, returning to his home away down in Alabama from prison. Soon the stage stopped, when one of the young ladies, opening the door, thrust her head out and clinging on to the top rail, called for the young man from Alabama to come inside of the stage, and to get down and come inside while the stage was stopped. Getting down and looking in on that pile of crinoline with twelve beautiful faces peering at regular intervals from the four seats, there was no perceptible sign of a seat; but all beckoned to enter quick and shut the door, that they would take care of him; and on one of the two central seats, the girls standing told him to sit down

first, when the young ladies spreading their crinoline over his lap completely enveloped him, all telling him he had no business on top of the stage among the Northern troops, that for the least pretext that many ex-Rebel prisoners returning to their homes had been shot. While he was glad to enjoy the company and society of those beautiful, sweet, refined young ladies, all American princesses to him, they told him that several of the girls were daughters of Union men. They were all going to Richmond, and they wanted to know his relatives there. He first gave them the name of one of his own cousins, a Mrs. B. H. All knew her well, but the Rebel girls advised him to go home with them, and not go there: and that her husband was a lawyer and a strong Union man, but that the family stood well. The Union girls invited him to go home with them and stop with them, and they would be glad of the pleasure to carry him to his cousin's and introduce him. They asked him if he had any other relatives, and he told them yes, the G's. When he called the name at least eight of the young ladies told him that they claimed him for their guest, and that they wanted the pleasure of introducing him to his Rebel cousins. He modestly thanked the young ladies for the interest they so freely extended and manifested for him, and told them that he dare not in that bevy of beautiful girls accept the offer of either, but of all, and that as his Union cousin and her husband boarded at the Hotel, where the stage first stopped, that he would stop there; that she was his own cousin, had nursed, played and fought over him when a babe, and he would risk her. So, when the stage stopped, and they alighted, they introduced him to her, and she said: Oh, is this my little cousin A., a grown young man; threw her arms around his neck and kissed him so affectionately, and then thanked them kindly for coming and introducing him; when she turned to several distinguished gentlemen and introduced them, and carried him to her private reception room, which was on the second floor, and over the main entrance to the hotel. After inviting all the young ladies to call on her, and especially while her cousin was there. All to whom he was introduced were very friendly, and all offered him the hospitality of their home. His cousin told him he could say privately what he pleased to her politically, and that she would not be offended, but that she was his cousin, and for her sake not to talk any politics while there; that two Confederates returning from prison, were shot and killed there just two weeks ago, and while all the better class of citizens deplored their death, still it would not bring them back, and he promised he would try and not have anything to do with politics. After the war was all over, as the Crittenden

resolutions were passed during the war for the benefit of and to conciliate the four border states, Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware, granting gradual emancipation and \$350 per head for all emancipated, each state had large forces from the provisional armies quartered at all leading towns and county seats, and instructed to issue papers called Free papers, and to muster all young, stout able-bodied men into the army and send them down on the Rio Grande to serve until discharged. Many good old faithful servants had saved up \$50 or \$100 and when they would issue them their free papers, they would say to them, Now we have fought mighty hard and freed you, can't you give us a hundred or so dollars. Now the Rebel says he captured and helped capture ones, tens, hundreds and thousands, every year of the war, and he never heard a prisoner when asked the question, what they were fighting for, but answered, the Union. When asked if they were not really fighting for the emancipation of the slaves, invariably declared they would lay down their arms if they thought they were fighting to free the slaves. He had quite a wealthy cousin by the name of H. D. who was a Southern sympathizer that was worth a half million dollars, who furnished him a fine horse to ride, and when riding up and down the pikes, as he resembled a Northern man as much, if not more than a Southern man, and he would meet the negroes coming from the Federal camp, he would ask them how much they charged them for their free papers, and to let him examine them to see whether they were made out right, and they would invariably tell him what the emancipationist charged them for their papers, some saying that they gave them all they had, and some said they gave them ten, some twenty, some fifty, and one or two said they gave them as much as a hundred dollars. Just about this time Judge L., a distant, distinguished Union relative, was sitting on his veranda one day, and a platoon of negro cavaliers, commanded by a negro officer, rode up to his gate, and called to the negroes to come out there and told several of the able-bodied young men to go and get their clothes and go with them to camp, and that they were gathering up all the recruits they could, and that they were going to be sent right away to the Rio Grande, and to tell them all good bye. The negroes of the place didn't want to go, and were parleying about it. The Judge walked out to the gate and asked them if they had authority to draft them, that they were now free, and that it was optional with them whether they went or not. The officer ordered them to get their things and go with him to camp (it wasn't but a short distance to camp), so the Judge said, boys, I will get my hat and go with you and see about this

thing myself. He was walking back to the house, and the negro officer shot him in the back, and killed him. The crime was so dastardly and flagrant, it fired the best union element to such a pitch that they were ready to take up arms and resent it. When the news reached Richmond and the most distinguished citizens of both political factions were deplored the act, and some fifty in number were sitting in front of the hotel (age was greatly respected in those days) and the old men were commenting on the situation, and those that were younger were listening. The Rebel was sitting among them and his cousin was sewing at the window just above his head. Judge W., an Octogenarian, said: Young man, we all know your father, and his political sentiments, and we have great respect for him and his son; but we are in so much trouble here now that we do not know how to act or hardly what to think. The Union element has kept this state from withdrawing from the Union, and laws were enacted in Congress known as the Crittenden resolutions, allowing gradual emancipation for the space of 7 years, and \$350 per capita for the slaves, and just as the seceded states are being coerced or surrendering, they have taken the army and quartered great bodies of troops within our domain and ordering that the slaves be made free at once, and have ignored all law governing their freedom; and just the other day a negro officer shot Judge L. in a dastardly manner, and in cold blood. Young man, what was the principle involved in secession among the secessionists in the seceded states?

Though really a political novice, he believed from what he had discovered by soldiering through five of the Southern States, and what he had gathered in the valley in which he was raised, where there was considerable wealth, and so far as he was capable of judging, as high a state of civilization as he had ever met, that the Southern or pro-slavery States, felt that the abolition element was growing so bold in the States where no slavery existed that it not only made insecure slave property, but it also threatened the lives of the pro-slavery citizens. That the fugitive slave law was in a manner null and void; that while slavery was increasing, the same element did not want it extended into any of the unoccupied territory; that emissaries had been detected in many parts of the pro-slavery states trying to incite slaves to murder their masters and innocent old male slaves, and that too, when the Constitution of the United States recognized it as property, and the religion taught, which was the Christian, also recognized it, as it was Divine law; men who were raised where it existed, considered African slavery right, as it had existed for at least ten generations within their midst, and in the enlight-

ened manner in which it existed in the South, it was a blessing to the African race or that much of it, and also a blessing to the Southern agriculturist where there was so much heat and malaria, also a blessing to the Union in general and to the European nations, and feeling that their lives and property were growing in more jeopardy every day, and as the right of withdrawal from the Federal compact was reserved by several of the States, when they signed the compact; that if the right was reserved by some, as each was a Republic, all had the same right; but that he had watched the trend of events and that the war was waged simply to destroy African slavery, and as principally most of the Caucasian nations were anti-slavery and monarchists, they not only favored the war against the South, but hoped and still hope that the bitter animosities that would be engendered might prove an arrow in the heart of Liberty or Democracy, and the Republic would crumble and fall.

He then wanted to know what the Southern people generally thought about the action of Kentucky. He told them that many thought the action of the State of Kenucky was very wise; that it would not only save it from being the battle-fields of contending armies, but that they would wisely preserve their property.

He then said, still leading and drawing him out: Well, young man, what do you think of the action of the State of Kentucky. Before thinking he answered, he thought Kentucky acted through policy to save her property; in doing so, she lost her principles and property, too. Several young men leaped to their feet, and ripping out an oath, gave it the lie. His cousin called from the window, Cousin A, come here quick! An old gentlemen said, Shame on you, young men! Judge W. drew the young man out and without mental reservation, after being assured that he was among friends, he answered frankly: Listen! I had two sons in the Federal army, and both have been killed, and their bones, if they were not buried, lay bleaching upon Southern soil today, fighting, as they supposed, for the Union of their Fathers, and his bullets may have killed them; but every word that he has uttered is truth. Mr. S. continued. I know his father and he is a Union man; this young man has watched the trend of events more closely than even those of maturer years. He, too, is a Union man, but he is a rebel to radical tyranny and oppression, and all of us should be. The young man got up and went up to his cousin's room, to receive a curtain lecture, thinking how imprudently he had acted.

It seems as if the all-wise Ruler of the Universe is still

watching over his every action, and in its own good time it will bear good fruit.

His hotel cousin told him that his little Rebel cousin, a Miss V. B., from Texas, was waiting in the parlor to see him, and to go in there and entertain her. She was going to school in Kentucky, when the war broke out, she told him, and had never gone home, and had been attending school during the entire time. He found her to be an uncompromising Rebel, and she was pretty intelligent, and having musical talent, and it reasonably well cultivated, he was so glad to meet her, for their hearts beat in unison, politically, anyway, and she played and sang many Southern songs, the first he had been regaled with since he left old Georgia, and her lovely daughters. In uttering her rebel sentiments, he took occasion to admonish her that she was, he feared, acting imprudently, when she told him, she said just what she pleased, and from what he learned from his cousin, she was very wilfull and extreme. About this time, a first cousin, a Miss E. B. and a Miss V. W., the daughter of a Congressman from the mountain districts south-east about 175 miles, arrived at the hotel on their way home. A male cousin by the name of W. B. soon arrived, riding one horse and leading two horses, one for his sister to ride and one for Miss V. W. to ride; so as the rebel's wealthy cousin had furnished him a fine young mare to break and ride; the party of four light young hearts as ever breathed, supplied with saddle riders, and satchels to carry their clothing and lunch for noon each day; started for their mountain, country homes, a treat indeed for the rebel, who had been away so long from his cavalier life, and that in company with two young friendly girls returning home from school for the last time, as they made their debut on the social or matrimonial carpet, and that, too, from among the elite of their home circle. The weather was beautiful and balmy, and the autumnal tints just as they were gradually transforming into the rich golden and many other variegated hues were so lovely and entrancing to that uncaged rebel that paradise could hardly excel it, and surely to those maidens and youths, it was that much like paradise; even if the rebel was manly in years he was in feeling the youngest and freshest of the quartette, for traveling as they did for the greater part of four days, music was much indulged in to gladden their journey for young light lives like theirs knew naught of whiling away the time; for they hardly knew its value. Now and then indulging in an anecdote, and playing a joke, discussing some subject and when too weighty, surmising as best their youthful minds could, the reasons, whys, and wherefores, and toward the duller part of

the afternoons, as the shadows lengthened and their leg-wearied, noble, faithful animals, would occasionally strike a rock, root or stump with their toe, relieving the monotony; they would also indulge in wierd stories and hobgoblins from their youthful homes. On each day the songs of the birds and the occasional bark of a squirrel, and to see them in their nimble playful antics was amusing to their young hearts. There were larger animals, such as an occasional woodchuck, fox, raccoon, opossum, deer, bear and the stately turkey but as they were found in the less frequented wilds, were seldom seen on the highways, but all four had seen them and had stories to relate about them and of the dainty and uncommon dishes they afforded. It was after berry time, so the chestnut, hickory nut, acorns, fall apples and peaches were the fruits. The fourth day they arrived at their uncle's and father's and all were overjoyed to see them and were so very kind to their nephew and cousin; scattered among the mountain valleys he found two great aunts and some of their descendants, so taking some of his cousins to show him the way and for company, he visited them, and many were the stories told of his father's boyhood days. The families had originally moved there from Virginia and North of the states and had there met and married one of his great uncles and aunts is so ridiculous yet mirthful it is worth relating: A Mr. E. had come out either from one of the other of the tsates and had there met and married one of his great aunts, who was gifted and noted as a politician; so much so that visitors sought her company instead of his; and he was known to remark that if his wife died first and he ever sought another wife, he would select a mute. One of his brothers who had learned that his brother had married, mounted on a fine horse, came out to visit him, so arriving in the neighborhood, he inquired of a neighbor's where Mr. E. lived; the neighbor after telling him, as he started off, called to him and told him that he had forgotten to notify him, that Mr. E. might be absent from the house on the farm somewhere and that as his wife was a mute, he thought best to tell him so that he might know better how to act.. He thanked him and rode on, wondering what made his brother marry a mute, it wasn't long until he arrived at his brother's.

Seeing an elegant house and the surroundings denoting refinement and prosperity, as he rode up to the gate the sister in law was standing on the threshold and he bowed politely to her and she elegantly returned it. He then made signs as best he could that he wished to alight and go in, she motioned for him to do so. She opened the parlor and motioned him to go in and handed him a chair; they both sat

down for a while in mute silence; being quite thirsty he made signs for a drink of water, and both rose to their feet facing each other and he made signs again; just at that moment her husband walked in and she remarked: Mr. E. do you know what this gentleman wants, I think he must be a mute. The supposed mute said: Great God, Madam, can you speak? Yes, and Great God sir, can you speak?. Singularly enough the loquaocious companion died prematurely and he married a stately, handsome, cultivated mute and they had several perfect children when the rebel was there, but his uncle J. E. was dead. His uncle's oldest son, T. B., was a lieutenant under General Grant at the siege of Vicksburg and was shot through the shoulder; the rebel and his cousin T. were about the same age, they roomed together and freely exchanged views on all subjects, and insisted on his accompanying him home, but T. thought he wouldn't be welcome in Alabama; the rebel told him that he would be, that Alabamians didn't object to the Union nor Union people from anywhere but they disliked radicals and miscegenators; and while the war had destroyed slavery sooner than it would have been destroyed, that the South would ever contend for white supremacy. His cousin and he took a hunt on duck river, and as they could find no game, he suggested as the river was clear to kill some fish if they could find any; being on a bluff fully one hundred yards above the river, he showed his cousin T. a nice trout about eighteen inches long near the center of the river, seemingly shoaling, but it being autumn the shoaling season had passed; he asked T. if he could kill it; T. told him he always fished or seined, and that he had never heard of fish being shot and asked him if he could kill it, he told him that he thought he could, and he said, what at this distance; so raising his rifle off hand he fired and killed it dead; never even floundering as they at times do, even when killed, they went to the bank and he pulled off his shoes and socks, and as the water was not very deep waded in and got it. They looked well the surface of the river for more, but they were all hid, either under the rocks and boulders or in the deep holes out of sight. His cousin said: I believe the Southern troops were better marksmen than the Northern for their shots seemed more fatal. On arriving at home, T. told the circumstances and all, even his father said that, that was a remarkable feat and that he doubted whether his nephew could do so again under like circumstances. A told his uncle that as there was only one fish it was for him and his aunt; and that on their next hunt maybe they would have better luck and then all could enjoy the game. He enjoyed himself so much while staying

at his uncle's who were true Union people, but one out of the whole family was a rebel to the cause and made up for all the rest, she had married a Mr. W. and was equally as extreme. Having finished his stay, and bid all of them an affectionate farewell. On his return to the blue grass, he visited his grand father's sister on his mother's side, a Mrs. T., whose husband had been sheriff of the county, and whose residence had been burned, and as all her children were away from home, she lived in only one room on the old home-stead, and one of her grand daughters, Miss S. A. whose father lived in Louisville, a nice girl, lived with her and she told them many things about their old pioneer Kentucky home. Of how they gathered in the crude primitive way the maple juice and manufactured all the syrup and sugar they used, and how pure and nice it was. Of how they enjoyed the harvest seasons, of the corn shuckings and log rollings, and sad it was when the red men made war on the settlements and the settlers followed them into the deep recesses of the primitive forests to recover their stolen horses, cattle and occasionally a child; and of uneasiness that pervaded the settlement until the return of the male members; and occasionally the sad story of the loss of one or more of their party; she told them that her oldest son had espoused the Union cause and was a surgeon in the army, and that her youngest son was in the Confederate army during the war and then with his young wife at his father-in-law's in N. C. He now visited a Union cousin, a Mr. R. H., whose pretty young wife threw her arms around his neck and after kissing him very affectionately welcomed him to share their home until he could return to Alabama. While the ex-Confederate was loath to leave so affectionate and kind a couple, he learned much about the battle that Gen. Zollicoffer was killed at, and of the treatment of his dead body by Northern vandals; he says he will not call them soldiers; and told where his mother's own cousin lived and who bore his mother's name and who was a Captain in the Federal army, and was close to the brave General who was leading his men and encouraging them all he could, and finally when the battle was over and the Confederates were defeated beyond a doubt by the Union element in the battle from the pro-slavery states. When the Nothern element came to examine the body of the brave General, they commenced twisting their fingers in the beautiful, jet black, glossy, long locks of his hair and jerking it out and sticking it in their pockets. The brave Kentuckian could stand it no longer, and unsheathing his sword, ordered them to stop plucking his hair, and for a while held them at bay, but finally the pressure was so

great that he was borne from the spot. His head was denuded of his beautiful hair, his jewelry, his pockets rifled, pieces cut out of his beautiful uniform, until in the language of Shakespeare one could truthfully say: Sans hair, sans jewels, sans knife, sans pocket-book, etc. That brave, generous, noble, magnificent looking General's corpse was unrecognizable. What a travesty hangs over that Union victory. If there is one who breathes yet that was guilty of participating in bring such shame on the achievements to the grandest army ever marshaled on the Eastern continent, since it has been known as America, if he could be ferreted out, the stain should be effaced by prosecuting them before the law for mutilating and robbing the bodies of the brave and valiant dead. Bidding farewell to that couple of loved relatives, he hunted up the valiant Captain; the own cousin of his mother; now professor E. T., who taught school some fifty miles away. He stayed several days with him, and gathered afresh from him the particulars; also, if he recollects aright; the Captain reported the affair to headquarters and no cognizance or action whatever, was taken of it and soon thereafter he resigned. The Captain's ancestry were of Revolutionary stock, what was known as old line or Washingtonian Whigs, and one of his cousins, from Virginia, was a General in the Federal army and was killed fighting for his country in Texas. But as many things were done as a military necessity, possibly it was permissible that early in the war, to whet the belligerent appetite of the radical and prepare him better to meet and cope with the fire-eating hyena; for like the Scotch and English terriers, they brought on the fight between the American Union bull dogs and then did the howling, while the bull dogs done the execution; and the best element of the nation was slain and a set of terriers have kept up a howling or barking ever since. Several schools were offered to him and his cousin insisted on him teaching; but he wanted as soon as the railroads were open to return to his home; so bidding his cousin good-bye he returned to his wealthy cousin's, who had furnished him the nice young mare to break to the saddle and she was gentle and easily controlled. As his cousin, H. D. was having his wheat thrashed he assisted him about three weeks until he had finished and during his stay there met several other relatives and many nice refined families, until he was almost loath to leave. He now bid his kind cousin farewell, with many thanks for their kindnesses and struck out on the Harrodsburg pike for the railroad and for home. He found himself in company with several gray-haired elderly looking gentleman. They wanted to know where he was

from and where he was going and he told them he was from prison and been stopping with some relatives and had learned that he could go most of the way through by rail to his home in Alabama. A very large old gentleman wanted to know if he was with General Braxton Bragg's army in Kentucky. He told him yes. He said some troops had fought in front of his house and that the Federals riddled his house with bullets; and showed him where his house stood, and the rebel recognized the place and told him about the circumstances and of having a small fire to warm their feet; and the old gentleman railed out on him and told him that he and all of his companions ought to have been hung for it. The rebel told him the Federals were pressing them and their officers ordered them to return the fire and that he was nothing but a poor private and they had to obey orders. He looked daggers at the rebel for a moment who never took his eyes off of him, and who was well armed again by permission, with two fine 45 Colts, and his hands rested on the handles. The other gentleman calling him by his given name, told him the Private had to carry out orders; that he was not amenable; to think for a moment. He spoke and said he felt like he was one of those despicable secessionists, that had invaded the state, and endangered the lives of his entire family and he hated them. He then spoke a little milder and asked him his name. A. B. of Alabama. Are you any relation to J. A. B. of Alabama. One J. A. B. was his father. What! we all know him well. Surely he is not a secessionist, he's got too much sense to be one. He told him no, he was a Union man; then how came you in the army? He told him, as already stated before, that he had two cousins that were reported killed in the first battle of Manasses, or captured; and they were his playmates, and that he was in his nineteenth year, and he volunteered the next day against his father's wish, and was sent off in a few days, and was sent to the front and his company entered the State of Kentucky, at Stateline Station in what was known as Jackson's purchase, in west Kentucky, on Sept. 2, 1861. The Federals having entered at Paducah on the 1st of Sept. 1861, Kentucky having asked both governments not to invade her soil that she wanted to be neutral. He then said young man while I do not like you, rebel, I am no abolitionist and much less a radical as Mr. L. is and his followers, I was here at his birth and I have his full pedigree. There was a poor but pretty finely formed girl living here by the name of N. H. and a quite wealthy gentleman who had a family became quite intimate with her, the result was she became enceinte; at or about this time an elderly like old gentleman either was

stopping or boarding with the family, claiming to be from N. C., by the name of L., who was apparently a very nice old gentleman; and as the wealthy gentleman saw that he very much admired Miss. N. H. he encouraged him to court her, by offering to assist him, and that he would use his influence with the girl whom he had known very favorably as an industrious, smart girl; and all that could be said against her was her poverty, and as he wished her well and he thought well of him, and to press his suit and that he would help them; the old man did as he was encouraged to do, to the extent of eight hundred dollars, and won his suit and done well, while the girl became the mother of a fine seven months boy. Many other children were born to them during the eighteen years the family lived there; and while it was supposed that the wealthy gentleman, as he was always a welcome visitor at the house would leave a mark of his visits; all of the offspring excepting the first favored Mr. L.. The first boy A went to the free school of the state and learned rapidly, but was also trained to work, and none around him could, (of his opportunities) excel him, and naturally, as it would suppose to be, at the age of eighteen he was very amorous, and like many of the young men, as the negresses were very amorous, and a more easy prey, he became very intimate with a house maid that belonged to an old gentleman living near, who had a dusky lover, and who was a little jealous; who notified the gentleman of the house (as the laws of the state forbid anyone entering clandestinely and without permission another's enclosure after night at that time in Kentucky; the penalty according to what the old gentleman said ranged from \$500 to \$800.) That young A was in his dining room. He told the negro lover to go and get four or more of the negro men and station themselves at the door at which he entered and come and notify him; he carried out orders and soon reported all was ready; when the gentleman of the house taking a light repaired to the dining room from the interior of his house; when young A. fell into the arms of the stalwart negroes who keenly enjoyed capturing any white person interfering with their girls, or women in any way. The proprietor returning to his room as if nothing had happened. The negro captors then sent into the main part of the building to notify him that they had captured a young white man that was interfering with one of their girls and was a maiden if he had not destroyed her. The proprietor dressed and went out and in the presence of his negro captors, he lectured young A. L. and advised him to go among his own color to seek the society of maidens and not interfere with the maidens of an inferior race, when situated

as they were, could not resent it; and it was his duty to advise him and protect them; telling him he could have him prosecuted before the law; that he was a reasonably sensible youth and a word to the wise was sufficient, but that if he persisted in it, and he could get hold of him, and could prove it on him, as he could do in that instance, that he would surely prosecute him. Young L. was then turned loose. After so long a time he ventured back again, and as usual the negro lover was on the alert; and apprised the proprietor who laid a trap for him and arrested him, and had him prosecuted before the law, and he was fined, when the prosecutor went on his bond. Some time elapsed again and he went back the third time. The vigilant lover was the means of his being arrested the third time and in all probability the last time. He was now told that they had used mild measures and they had failed, or, as on the boy up the apple tree, tufts of grass; that they had tried the law, or clods of dirt; and now they themselves would take him in hand, or in other words use stones; the effect of which the boy knew, and he was bright had studied in the schools of his state and knew of the boy in the apple tree. So having the tar brought he was given a good coating; then the feathers were brought and he was given a coating and was sent a piece towards the Ohio river, and told that if he was ever seen on that section any more that harder means would be used; and the boy was never seen on that premises he had defiled again. Now the rebel says to them he had heard that story the first time he was in Kentucky, but he thought it was purely a fabrication. The old gentleman then turned to the other old gentlemen present and askd them if it was so and they said yes. He told them that it was just such treatment as that that made extreme radicals in the North and that Uncle Tom's Cabin was food enough to produce sympathisers among a half cultivated populance of our own race, who could read and not knowing the true facts of the case: were taught that an African slave owner was an illiterate, unprincipled, cruel brute, when the facts borne out by the relation between master and slave in the Southern states, prove that the masters were using all the means they could to teach the negroes morals and industry; and occasionally taught some of them to read, so as to read their Bibles and to cipher and to write, which has brought that race or that part which was in the U. S. to a higher plane of civilization, than that many every where else in the world and were doing more good in the general economy of the world in furnishing food and clothing, under the guidance and by the assistance of their masters tha that much population in any other portion of the world, until the war

commenced; and if they can ever be cultivated, they are in a better state to be cultivated than any on earth. That was the last lesson he learned outside of Dixie, and right at the birth place of Mr. A. L. and it gave the rebel a clue or key to assist in unlocking, or unraveling the extreme measures used by Mr. A. L. during his administration. Crying Union! he violated the Constitution at every crook and turn, and as political prisoners were arrested and deported or expatriated by the hundreds and thousands. He, though representing a minority of a great nation, to destroy those he had learned to hate, formed alliances with other nations and borrowed treasures and issued decrees, all of which were respected and carried out, and history does not show a military dictator who was his equal, for one decree destroyed property to the value of \$4,000,000,000. It took a man produced on slave soil, and from the loins of a slave owner, and from a perfect, pure Southern virgin's womb to cope with the great, intelligent, wealthy slave owners of the South. The intelligence he received from mixing with them during his minority, at their schools, his severe treatment when he departed from among them, the soil to which he was transplanted, being so favorable to a growth of his anti-slavery hatred, and where it could increase and expand, surrounded by a genial, ever increasing body politic, that was in a fertile, well watered, self-sustaining, healthy country, rapidly increasing in wealth and intelligence; and the writer does not believe that the Northern or Southern people had another man that could have carried out, up till his death and bear up with the reverses that he had to contend against, within their borders; not that they did not have finer Statesmen, or greater Theologians, or more inventive geniuses, or better mechanics, or military generals, and engineers; but he was the one man fitted by his birth, training and treatment; and when he had fulfilled his mission, the God Father and God Mother, for is not it a fact that as there is a counterpart in all things in nature; in their good time, way and manner removed him from earth, having fulfilled his mission. It cannot be said of him as of other celebrities, that he entered into the joys prepared for him by his Master, for he acknowledged no master, nor was guided by any creed; for to carry out his mission, he had to be master himself, and instead of being guided by any creed, he issued decrees and proclamations, and they were carried out to the letter. But it may truthfully be written:

Another page in the book of fame,
Has on it written a unique name,

For in birth and death, like Christ we mourn,
A race hallows, Abraham Lincoln.

As cause is greater than the effect,
The Southern, alone, his rule reject,
God Father, God Mother, perfect One,
He worshipped his God, his God alone.

Created to rule by God's command,
Rules not by money, nor by a wand;
His deeds of valor, widely proclaim,
He strikes for freedom—not for a name.

So, as wealth bequeathed, from sire to son;
His work is left, as yet, half undone.
Freemen, awake! Long and loud proclaim:
Tyrants, avaunt! Louder the refrain.

Having boarded the train, he soon crossed the line of Kentucky into Dixie, in the land of the lamented and loved Zollocoffer, whose beautiful bosom had been rent to disfigureation by the camping, fighting, pillaging and plundering of the armies, until difficult of recognition. Purchasing a paper, he saw published the recent death of General Wm. M. K., as he was riding through a piece of new ground on his farm in Louisiana, by a large limb suddenly breaking and falling upon him unawares. It was the first report from a relative, and it a sad one; for he knew him well, and though a proud, haughty, handsome man, he loved his uncle, and his memory; and carried the news of his death, and of its manner, to his loved ones, as Duty had always been to him the sublimest word in his language. Sans cause, sans home, sans country, all seemed gloomy indeed to that sad, young heart, and he upbraided himself as he passed over sections where he had had conflicts with the enemy, that he had not done more; yet in reflecting, he had always tried to be at his post, he had never failed to carry out an order, or perform a duty. How he loved those good, kind, hospitable Tennesseans. He was kindly greeted everywhere; he felt so sad that the whole populace should greet him with open arms, and welcome him back, and all others returning at the same time, seemed to share like receptions, for though privates, had not their individual, as well as united, deeds of valor, heroism, self-abnegation and kindness, without remuneration, never asking nor expecting any, assisting to beat or drive back or hold in check the combined forces of every Caucasion nation. Marshalled and equipped, fed and officered, by the greatest natural enemy

his beloved Southland ever had, the astute Lincoln ; for was it not a fact that the private then was passing through a section and over the ground of his loved native Dixieland, where he had fought and captured whole commands, that were composed of rank and file, and even bearing arms of their nationalities, that even received their commands in a foreign tongue, and even fought commands equipped, drilled, clothed and fed of their own faithful servants, that were forced into service against their wishes, and who at even this day and time, talk in highest praises of their former white relatives and of the white patriarchs, or masters, if you please, and their happy, joyous lives, with their warm-hearted, free-hearted, big-hearted comrades and friends, in their once best, kindest governed, most perfectly trained, moral, virtuous, religious, delightful, hospitable, Christian, Southern homes.

He had done well, but he was not successful, and he was sad indeed ; a change was to take place at his home in the domestic relation, and in the political relations that would prove a greater defeat than he had met by the combined force of the nations and races of mankind, that had been hurled against him to wipe him and his institutions, his hospitalities and gathered wealth, refinement and intelligence from the face of the earth. To his mind all seemed chaos. The changes that had taken place were indeed great. He missed his comrades, and wondered why he was not taken, instead of them. He kneeled and returned gratitude to his Creator that it was as well with him as it was. To in mercy forgive him for all crimes, both of omission and commission ; to purify, purge to guard, guide, direct and protect him in every word, thought to guard, guide, direct and protect him in eery word, thought, action and deed, and to grant him health and strength of body, knowledge and wisdom of mind, to grapple with successfully and overcome eery obstacle, in every worthy cause temporally ; and lead him spiritually in the way he should go, that he might fear no evil, and he prepared to meet and overcome the terrors of Death. That youth was sad indeed, communing with no one but his God, and he really feared Him, and nothing else, seeking Him for guidance, when he failed in anything, he accepted the failure as a recognition of God's disapproval, and when successful, he returned heartfelt gratitude, and asked that gratitude be only manifested to Him, for fear a success might be construed by his fellow beings as arrogance, or assumption, when he only wished it as a blessing ; even his failures a blessing to others.

For the poet has written :

"The vile wretch, who concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown;
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

It was not long till he entered the tunnel at Cumberland Mountain, passing through it, into the mouth of the beautiful Sequatchie valley, and into the main Tennessee valley, and soon on across the river at Bridgeport, with the beautiful mountain scenery in every direction; around the base of Lookout Mountain to Chattanooga, thence on to Kingston, thence to Rome, over the roughest piece of road he ever recollects passing over; thence by steamer down the deep, narrow, tortuous Coosa river to Gadsden; thence by stage to Blue Mountain, the terminus of the Alabama & Tennessee Rivers Railroad; thence to home, where he had been mourned for a long time as dead. While all seemed so glad to see him, none could seem to realize that he was really alive; but his dear, invalid mother was still alive, and her health really seemed better; she lived a little over a year, and all of her family gathered around the death-bed of that pious, resigned, Christian mother, and as her spirit passed away it seemed as if he was left alone, indeed, in this world, and as he had some trouble with the Freedmen's Bureau, it was thought best for him to leave his home, and bidding his loved ones adieu, he started out in the wide world to make a living.

ADENDA.

The Private says he has examined carefully every report of Mr. A. Lincoln's death, and he has selected one, that really is a reason why Mr. J. Wilkes Booth took his life. Booth was the finest actor on the American stage, both comedian and tragedian; a true Republican, a true Unionist, an American sovereign of the highest type. Mr. Lincoln had been successful in marshalling the grandest army at that time on earth, also had sought and found an ally in every leading nation, either by concessions, purchase or treaties; he had arrived at that point when he had enquired of his greatest Generals why, with such large armies, well drilled, well officered, well disciplined, well clothed and fed, and best armed in the world, can't you just wipe that brand of Traitors off of the face of the earth? General Grant, his greatest captain, answered: You can't whip them; you have to kill them off by piece meal, until they are gradually destroyed. How he must have gloated over the thought, that while he hallowed Union, and it was

caught up and reiterated by every gloating Radical until it reverberated throughout the length and breadth of the land, even deceiving those that they were gradually seeking to rob, plunder and murder in a wholesale manner.

Listen at one of his aphorisms, often quoted and imputed to him: You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time. I can without fear of danger wreck revenge on every pro-slavery man in existence, to which every Radical exclaimed, Amen!

Now, the Private says, he has used strong language, to place before you the correct views of Mr. Lincoln and his action just before and at the time of his death, so that the reader can see what he believes to be the correct cause of his death. There was a Captain in the Confederate service captured, tried, and condemned as a spy, to be hung about the time Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. He was a room-mate at college with J. Wilkes Booth. Booth saw an account of the capture, trial and sentence of his bosom friend. He went to the prison to see if he was mistaken. It proved to be his friend. They had a talk over his condition, and he called on Mr. Lincoln to pardon, and he promised him he would. Booth was satisfied, and, as all great actors are employed and absorbed most of their time with their profession, he was sure all would be right, for was he not Mr. Lincoln's favorite theatrical performer, and didn't he have his regular pew at all times at his theatre, that he could spare for theatrical purposes. The time came for his execution and passed, and his friend was executed; picking up his daily paper, he discovers the fact, and, perchance, to make sure, he visited the prison; he may have called on Mr. Lincoln, and he may have shifted some of the responsibility upon Seward and Stanton, for was it not also plotted that they were to be assassinated, too, and failed, because the assassins were not as intelligent and determined as was Booth. It has been stated time and agin, that Mr. Seward was the cause of the emancipation proclamation; and were not both of the attempted assassins Republicans, and from Republican States? Booth acts, and acts at once. He commits the deed, and leaps from the verge of the pew or balcony to the stage, and waving his pistol in a tragical manner above his head, audibly exclaimed: "Sic semper tyrannis!" (Ever so to tyrants.) He performed his last tragedy, but as might be expected, it was performed in a cowardly manner. He should have walked in front of Mr. Lincoln, handed him a loaded pistol, equally as good as his, and said to him: Defend yourself, tyrant, we are now on the same footing! American sovereigns never fear to meet their adversaries; nor will they stoop to persecute helpless prisoners, recognized as

prisoners of war, by feeding them upon salt, vitriol pickles and musty, wormy meal, that has been ground several years, and made to drink as beverage brackish seawater for months, until scurvy sets in, when their teeth, finger and toe nails fester and drop out, and holes are eaten in their bodies, until you can see their bones; until their sufferings were so great that their reason was dethroned, and then, in that condition, extort an oath from them to support a radical constitution, foisted by a minority faction of a great Caucasian nation over some of the people, during the time of war; then place them in a barracks hospital, feed them at soup houses, until they recover sufficiently to work; then announce to them that they are only on trial until the first of June; then place negro guards over them ostensibly to humiliate them; then to conciliate them, tell them that the government will pay them governmental wages during the time they were worked, and then to cover up their damnable deeds, report to the world that it was voluntary on the part of those poor, emaciated, tortured, helpless, living human skeletons.

Deity saw fit in His own good time, and own way, to put an end to the atrocious, damnable pro-slavery and anti-slavery war, and all of its concomitant cruelties.

To which all true Union, Caucasian, United States, American freemen can truthfully say, Amen! and the Radical and the Fire-eater will become in the body politic obsolete terms, buried in the ashes of the great internecine fratricidal war of 1861 to 1865.

Another aphorism imputed to Mr. Lincoln: I am in favor of a high protective tariff. Now, what is a tariff? A tax. What first kindled resentment in the heart or mind of the original New Englander? An import, or duty, a tax, on tea, greatly loved and used by them as a beverage; in many ways, said tax imposed by the Mother Country to raise revenue, to make a long matter concise, an indirect tax paid by the consumer, until it became burdensome, and it was resented in a high-handed way, by attempting the destruction of the tea. They thus deprived themselves of the use of it, when they could have refused to purchase or consume it, which would have settled the matter without violating the law, and also deprived themselves of the use of it without showing their anger or resentment. At the time Mr. Lincoln used the expression, about 33,000,000 people were burdened with a tax as consumers at an average of about \$2.00 per capita. Today about 80,000,000 are consumers and burdened with a tariff (a tax, of about \$12.50 per capita.) Then the wealth was more equally distributed through wise laws, and the masses were better able to bear it. Now, through unwise laws, there is a

great amount of wealth, but it is in the hands of the few, and the masses are poverty stricken, working harder and have less mother wit, less stamina of character, and less real intelligence, and are less capable as American sovereigns of demanding their rights intelligently at the ballot box, the mildest weapon that the beautiful Goddess of Liberty has presented freemen to fight their tearless, bloodless, humane, painless battles, and quietly and intelligently settle their internece disputes, differences or troubles; also to adopt wise laws that may bring wealth and contentment to the masses.

Kind reader, while much mental food may be contained in this little book for consideration, the Author hopes to follow it up by others, that may thoroughly delineate every phase in the life of this simple, pure, mortal man, and while he will try and cling to facts, he hopes that it may prove entertaining, and good may result therefrom.

INO.

ALABAMA HOME-COMING DAY.—1908.

I

Alabama mocking bird warble a lay,
For sister and brother are coming today.
'Tis not so inviting and cheerful as may;
The morn's are refreshing and mellows the way;
The Autumn is here, and invites you to stay,
Our sweet sister cheer up for brothers's so gay.

2

For papa and mama both want to see you,
How sad and so long since they bid you adieu,
And how glad to be spared to welcome you two;
Dear sister, mother weeps so much of late, too;
I know that "her tears" are for brother and you.
Oh, how joyous I feel! O, how do both do?

3

Our papa and mama are growing quite old.
Little brother's at play; the last, I am told,
Of our little flock. Yet I am called bold.
Fact is; papa and mama often me scold.
At break of day I jump up in the cold,
Kindle the fire, for the last thing 'tis coaled.

4

I milk and feed the cow; the horse I attend;
I make up the beds, and the old clothes I mend.
Breakfast being o'er, to the store I must trend;
There to wait on ladies and be gazed at by men;
They say I am fickle and often offend.
The old bachelors, all, claim to be my friend.

How tired I am, when the day's work is o'er,
 And thre't'n ne'er to return to the store;
 Sister and brother, we welcome you the more.
 Mama and papa are standing in the door;
 'Tis sweet to be kissed by papa as of yore,
 But sweeter to be kissed, a la amour.

DIXIE OF TODAY—1908.

I

Oh! Let the world attend my strain,
 And echo back the proud refrain,
 Look away! Look away!
 Look away down South at Dixie!
 Her cotton fields, iron and gold,
 With mines of coal makes wealth untold,
 Look away! Look away!
 Look away down South at Dixie!

Chorus.

Hie away to Dixie! Hie away! Hie away!
 To Dixie Land we'll hie to plan
 A home in beautiful Dixie Land.
 Hie away! Hie away! Hie away to Dixie.

2

Jeff Davis rose to chief command,
 Of that beautiful, favored land,
 Away! Away! Away down Sonth called Dixie.
 Manassas first of the field fights,
 Beauregard put the Yanks to flight,
 Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie.

Chorus—Hie away to Dixie.

3

"Stonewall" Jackson of matchless fame,
 Made at Manassas that great name.
 Liv'd way! Liv'd way! Liv'd way N. E. in Dixie.
 Albert S. Johnson, that great man,
 Who led from Shiloh to the strand,
 Liv'd way! Liv'd way!
 Liv'd way out West in Texas.

Chorus.

4

Joe Johnson, loved by all his men,
 Saved many lives, and proved their friend,
 Where'er! Where'er! Where'er he led in Dixie.
 And now comes the immortal Lee,

A Christian soldier he must be;
Lived in, fought long, for cause of our lost Dixie.
Chorus—Hie away to Dixie.

5
So Grant, to carry out the plan,
Treated alone with that great man,
Close by, or near, or near that apple tree stand,
That banner then was sadly furled
When given back to Mother World.

Great God! Tread softly! 'Tis our "Lost Cause," Dixie.
Chorus.

6
Oh, where's the land, on all the earth,
That came so near to be a birth,
Oh as! Oh as! Oh as our "Lost Cause," Dixie?
A land in name, a land of fame;
'Twill live forever just the same;
Oh ho! Oh ho! Will our "Lost Cause," Dixie.

Chorus.

7
Come all ye brave of other lands,
We welcome you with heart and hands,
To our! To our! To our own dear Dixie.
The negro's free and so you'll be,
Peers of any on land or sea,
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie.

Chorus—Hie away to Dixie.

8
And help our ranks destroy the cranks,
From icy tanks to sunny banks,
Of truth! Of truth! Of truth so will our Dixie.
Our task fulfilled, by God's own will,
We'll taste of death, yet shun His "Hell,"
So sure! So sure! So surely will our Dixie.

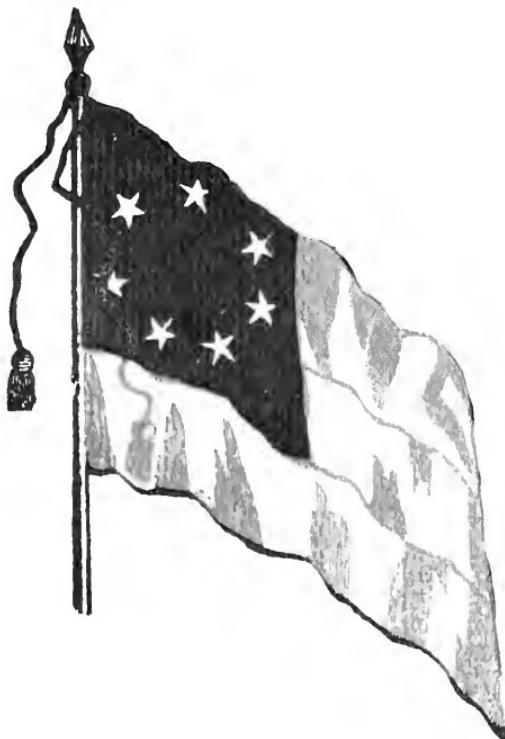
9
If Eons hath, in ages path
Evolved our Dixie from its swath,
Away! Away! Away down South hath Dixie.
Yet meek and gentle as the dove,
It worships God, the God of Love!
Away! Away! Away down South doth Dixie.

Chorus.

INO.

THE STORY OF SIXTY YEARS

By INO



BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, 1908

Copyright, 1908
By W. F. Hogan



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 763 939 7